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A stylized, high-contrast illustration of a plant with long, thin, arching leaves, possibly a grass or reed, rendered in a light color against a dark background. The plant is positioned on the left side of the title. To the right of the plant, there is a decorative swirl or scrollwork element. The title "The Ardèche" is written in a large, elegant, cursive script, and "CHRONICLES" is written in a bold, sans-serif, all-caps font below it.

The Ardèche
CHRONICLES

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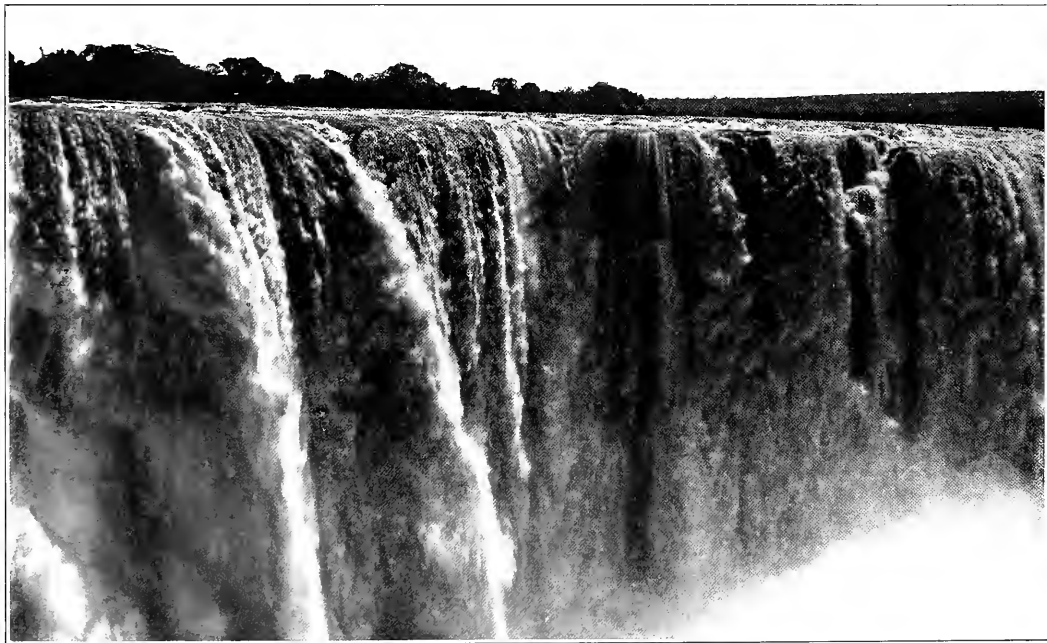
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OF DR. WILLIAM GOODELL

TWO WEEKS

only and is subject to a fine
of **TWO CENTS** a day thereafter.
It will be due on the day in-
dicated below.

CARD



THE MAIN FALLS



THE ARDERNE PARTY

*Bulawayo, 1897
Victoria Falls, 1904
Lake Tanganyika, 190—
Cairo, 19—*

CHRONICLES

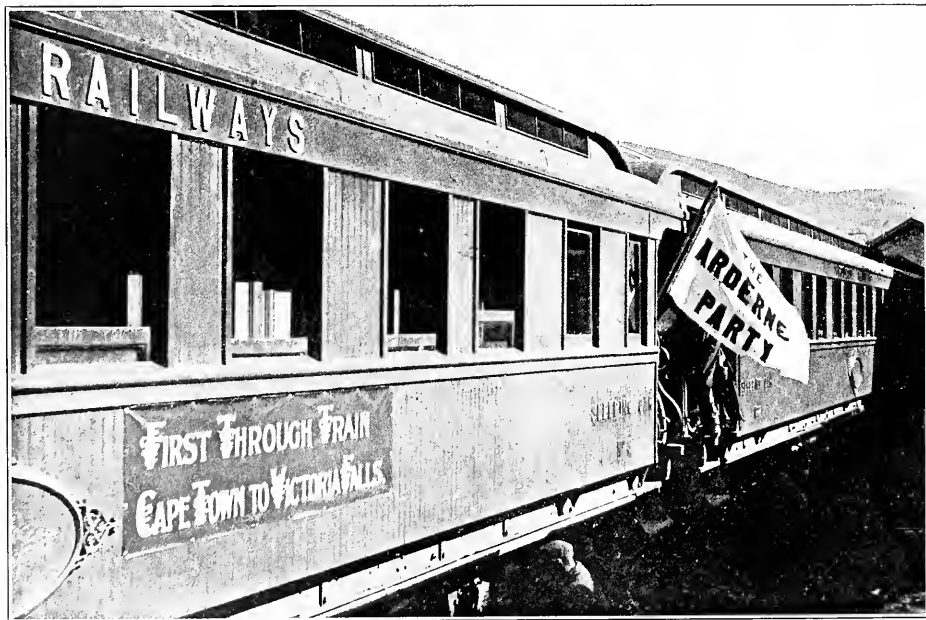
1904

PUBLISHED FOR THE ARDERNE PARTY

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OUR TRAIN

EDITORIAL NOTE.



THE WRITER, early in October, 1897, invited several gentlemen to lunch at the City Club, Cape Town, and there detailed to them a plan for visiting Bulawayo on the date of the opening of the Northern Extension Railway to that point, 1400 miles distant. The plan met with so much favor that we were instructed to go ahead with it. Mr. Arderne and the writer were appointed to visit the General Manager of the Railways and arrange for a private car, Mr. Cartwright agreeing to arrange for the commissariat.

When it came to giving a title to our little band, the writer obtained permission from our senior member to call this the "Arderne Party," and a few days later the following twelve ladies and gentlemen left by regular train for Kimberley, where our car was attached to the Special Train, the Admiral on the Station having the car in front, and the Governor of

Natal the cars behind us, and thus safeguarded we travelled slowly to the end of the railway at Bulawayo. Our party on the initial trip were:

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Arderne,	Mr. E. R. Wells,
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cartwright	Mr. B. Pilgram,
Mr. and Mrs. George Twycross,	Mr. T. M. Miller
Mr. E. J. Earp,	Mr. R. R. Brydone
Mr. Polhemus Lyon.	

The morning after our arrival, the railway was formally opened, Lord Milner, then Sir Alfred, arriving at the station in a private train amidst the explosion of fog signals and display of much bunting.

Bulawayo was crowded with four or five hundred visitors, for this was a very great event to a town that had been isolated so long, and which had been built up through tedious "trekking" hundreds of miles over sandy wastes. We were very greatly surprised to find such first-class buildings—a very attractive club, the furniture being of native wood—and at the hotel banquets we were entertained as luxuriously as at older centres of civilization. Our party were given the free-

dom of the town in the shape of a little gilt medal which gave us *entre* to all the functions, and endless courtesies of the generous inhabitants.

We spent one day in a visit to the Matopos, driving out the thirty-six miles by coach, being entertained at breakfast at Mr. Rhodes' farm, lunching at the foot of the "World's View," and having afternoon repast at Mr. Rhodes' farm on the way back; a very interesting and enjoyable trip of seventy-two miles. The picture unveiled to us as we climbed the heights of the "World's View," and thought of the Matabele who had lately reigned supreme there, is still clear in our minds after several years have intervened.

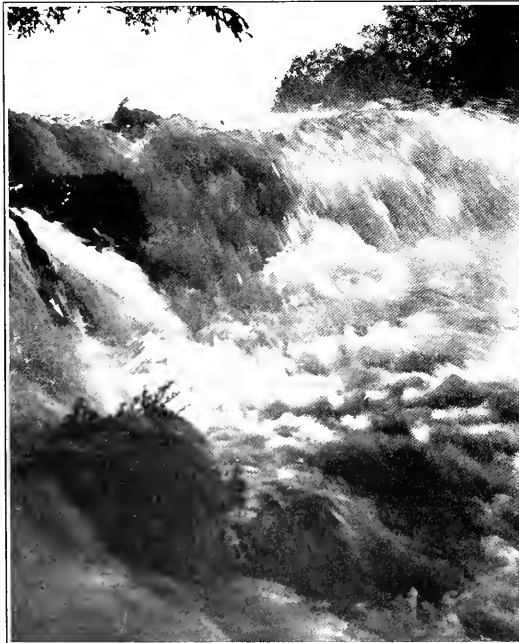
Our journey home was equally interesting, though the first night out from Bulawayo our car turned turtle, without any accident, however, except a delay of ten or twelve hours.

The whole trip was such a success that we looked forward from that date to repeating the holiday on even a more ambitious scale when the line to the Victoria Falls should be opened. Very often, as news filtered through the Press of the progress of the Railway to

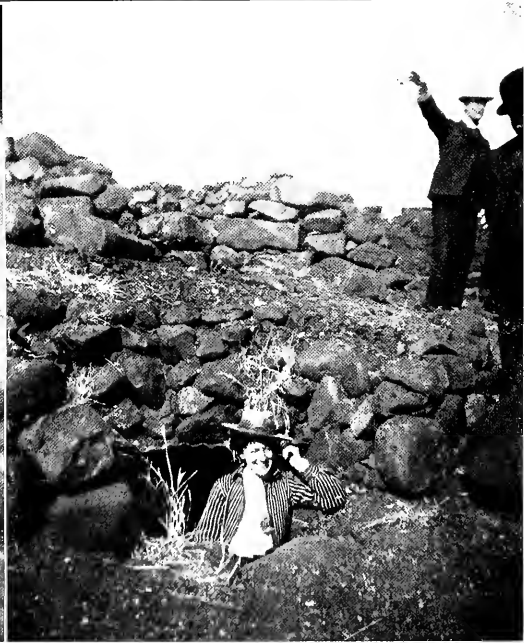
the Victoria Falls, the writer was accosted by members of the party as to when he was going to organize the long-looked-for trip.

After studying all we could obtain in the public prints, and interviewing those who had made the trip to the Falls, we were able to send out invitations on the 9th of May. We sent out about a hundred invitations, some of which were necessarily complimentary, but several who had expected to go, found, as the time drew near, that it was impracticable. However, we gathered together thirty-eight ladies and gentlemen, most of whom were friends or acquaintances of long standing, and, as detailed in the Chronicles herewith, we were able to start under most auspicious circumstances on the 22nd of June, 1904.

The amount of correspondence which this entailed, not only with those whom we sought to have of our company, but with the Railway, the Catering Department, the different points up-country that we were to touch, and the different people in charge of conveyances that we sought to obtain was much greater than a novice had expected; but difficulties were



LEAPING WATER—WITHIN A FEW INCHES OF THE 400-FOOT DROP



CANNON KOPJE—MARKING—SHOWING HIDING-PLACE TO WHICH
GUARD RETREATED ON NOTICE OF SHELL COMING

readily overcome, the Railway were most gracious and interested to do all they could to make the trip a success. Mr. R. A. Simmons, the General Manager of the Catering Department, took a great deal of pains to select the best of his staff, and to do all that lay in the power of his Department to satisfy the most exacting.

On the 9th of June the following Hints, or instructions, were sent to members of our prospective party.

P. O. Box 8, CAPE TOWN,

June 9th, 1904.

Dear Friend,

Our party will probably consist of about thirty-six ladies and gentlemen.

TIME TABLE.

We expect to leave Cape Town at about 12.30 on Wednesday, June 22nd, the train being stalled at No. 12 or 13 platform a full half-hour earlier.

You are invited to bring guests to see you safely started on time.

Our expectation is to leave De Aar not later than 1 p. m. on June 23rd, travelling slowly through the battlefields between there and Kimberley, and leaving Kimberley at about 10 p. m., reaching Mafeking at about 11 a. m. the following morning for two hours' stay, and Bulawayo about 2.30 Saturday afternoon, leaving there about 11 a. m., Monday, the 27th, and reaching Victoria Falls in Twenty-four hours.

We will, presumably, leave the Falls on Monday morning, the 4th, running straight through to the Matoppos, that we may be present at the Unveiling of the Alan Wilson Memorial on the 5th, as per courteous invitation of Sir Lewis Michell, returning to Bulawayo for the 6th, 7th, and 8th, and being present on the 7th at the Unveiling of the Rhodes Monument, leaving Bulawayo about 6 p. m. on the 8th, spending Sunday, the 10th, at Kimberley, and reaching Cape Town before 3 p. m. on the 12th.

The Oracle, with the wisdom and infallibility of such self-appointed authorities, suggests:

LUGGAGE.

That you will find it convenient, so far as practicable, to have three or four small packages which can be transferable between the Luggage Van and your cabin as needed, rather than trunks which will have to continue in the Luggage Van.

Do not crowd your cabin unnecessarily with impedimenta.

The first two nights and the last two nights will be cold.

The Railway are to furnish bedding, six or seven changes, and there will be foot-warmer heaters for the night travel.

LAUNDERING.

Arrangements are being made to have your laundry done at Bulawayo during our absence at the Falls. Your ticket includes such cost up to six pieces for each passenger. If you wish more, you may give it out and report amount, paying same into our Treasury.

You will need to take a rug, and a pillow would be comfortable; also a bath-gown or wrapper. Separate

towels will, of course, be provided, but take one or two against need.

CLOTHING.

As to clothing, it will be Winter travelling this side of Mafeking. From Bulawayo we rapidly descend from the South African plateau, which there is at an altitude of 4,500 ft., until we reach the valley of the Zambesi; so that, with Winter underwear (which all should wear), Summer outer garments will be permissible during the week at the Falls.

WET TRAMPS.

The mist and spray of the Falls **WILL REACH YOU** during some of your rambles, and you will need to dress in accordance.

Also you will want to go where the ground under your feet will be **VERY WET** from the same cause. For this and other good reasons, ladies' strap slipper shoes, or such like, are prohibited, except during the journey up and down, and stout walking boots insisted upon. If both ladies and gentlemen will provide themselves with full golosh over-shoes, as well as



HOME OF THE FRENCH EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY AT LIVINGSTONE.

a light rain-coat, or its equivalent, they will not have to deny themselves some of the most interesting tramps. For this same reason, short walking-skirts, and even puttees, or other leggings, are desirable.

A good broad-brimmed Stetson hat will be better protection from the sun than a cap.

DINNER DRESS.

You had better take a dinner-dress for possible need at Bulawayo, and gentlemen will take a dress suit for the same reason, but otherwise dress should be of the simplest.

You will note, however, that we will be expected to go to Church at Bulawayo and at Kimberley.

JEWELRY.

Ladies are requested to leave their jewelry at home, since Premier Diamonds are cheap, and paste hard to replace in South Africa.

PICNIC.

We will probably enjoy picnic lunches on the river or on its banks more than one day, and not return

to our hotel on wheels for midday; so, while the lunch will be furnished, it were well to have something to carry it in, and some simple conveniences.

BARBER.

We are trying to arrange a Barber's Shop on board for the gentlemen; otherwise, you will find a safety razor (called in slang a "Lawn Mower") very convenient.

Of course, the ladies will bring a well-furnished "house-wife" to sew on gentlemen's buttons, and mend any possible "winkelhaaks."

Ladies will find veils for the protection of their hair while travelling more comfortable than a hot cap.

Reasonable accommodation will be given the ladies on the kitchen stove for curling tongs, since curling pins are strictly forbidden.

CAMERAS.

Cameras are strictly forbidden to be carried, except with the explicit agreement that a copy of every photo taken by any one of the party shall be handed to the undersigned for the Arderne Album.

No dogs allowed—see regulations re Rinderpest.

Demurrage will be charged to all who fail to get into breakfast by 9 o'clock.

EDUCATION.

It is suggested that you refresh your memory as to the battle-fields we pass, as to the famous siege of Mafeking, as to Alan Wilson's last stand on the Shangani. This trip is to be educating and profitable, as well as a recreation.

Please note that your mail may be addressed to "Arderne Party, Box 280, Bulawayo," until 6 a. m. at Cape Town on June 29th, or 5 p. m. previous night at

Port Elizabeth, East London, or Johannesburg. Telegrams to "Arderne Party" at Bulawayo or Victoria Falls.

A list of passengers will be furnished later, and the exact hour of leaving given you by postcard.

POLHEMUS LYON.

MUSIC.

Please bring your Music with you, and if you perform on anything (from a Jew's Harp to a Pipe Organ) we should be very glad to have it also, BUT Bagpipes and Gramophones are barred.





OUR FISHERMAN

OUR SECOND TRIP.

June 18th, 1904.

The Members of the Arderne Party are:

From Cape Town.	Mr. W. F. LEHMANN	Prof. THOMAS WALKER, LL.D., of Stellenbosch	Miss VIRGINIA L. PRIDE, of Port Elizabeth
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. ARDERNE	Mr. POLHEMUS LYON	Miss HELEN A. SARGENT, of Wellington	Mr. CHARLES CHUDLEIGH of Johannesburg
Mr. CHAS. AYRES	Mr. and Mrs. FRED W. MILLS	Mr. ÆNEAS MacKENZIE, of Queenstown	Mr. C. H. THRUPP, of Johannesburg
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. CARTWRIGHT	Miss BLANCHE H. MILLS	Mr. D. A. HUNTER, of Lovedale	Mr. E. R. MARTIN of Johannesburg
Miss CONSTANCE CARTWRIGHT	Miss M. A. MILLS	Mr. and Mrs. F. J. GREENSLADE, of Aliwal North	Mr. W. A. DEVENPORT, of Birmingham
Miss J. E. CHIAPPINI	Mr. A. MacCORKINDALE	Miss HELENE M. DAWE, of England (visiting South Africa)	
Mr. J. Z. DRAKE	Mr. GEORGE PALLETT		
Mr. E. J. EARP	Mrs. J. A. REID		
Miss EDITH EARP	Mr. C. H. SMITH (Architect)		
Miss CONSTANCE EARP	Mr. N. P. THESEN		
Mrs. MARSHALL HALL	Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH WALKER		
	Miss CONSTANCE WALKER		

CAPE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.

Time Table of special train conveying

THE ARDERNE PARTY

From Cape Town to the Victoria Falls and back. The first through public passenger train from Cape Town to the Zambesi.

GOING NORTH.

WEDNESDAY, 22ND JUNE.

	ARR.	DEP.
Cape Town,		12.25 p. m.
Wellington,	2.31	2.46 p. m.
Worcester,	5.21	5.35 p. m.
Touws River,	8.45	9.3 p. m.

THURSDAY, 23RD JUNE.

Beaufort West,	4.57	5.10 a. m.
De Aar,	12.39	12.50 p. m.
Orange River,		4.6 p. m.
Belmont,	5.10	5.25 p. m.
Graspan,	5.45	6.15 p. m.
Enslin,	6.26	6.41 p. m.
Modder River,	7.25	8.15 p. m.
Merton,	8.32	8.55 p. m.
Kimberley,	9.55	10.0 p. m.

FRIDAY, 24TH JUNE.

Mafeking,	11.15	1.30 a. m.
Mochudi,	7.41	7.56 p. m.

SATURDAY, 25TH JUNE.

Palapye Road,	2.54	3.0 a. m.
Francistown,	7.54	8.10 a. m.
Bulawayo,	2.45 p. m.	

MONDAY, 27TH JUNE.

	ARR.	DEP.
Bulawayo,		11.0 a. m.
Gwaai,	5.16	5.26 p. m.
Malindi,	10.8	10.18 p. m.

TUESDAY, 28TH JUNE.

Wankie,	3.35	5.0 a. m.
Victoria Falls,	12.0 noon	

RETURNING.

MONDAY, 4TH JULY.

Victoria Falls,		7.0 a. m.
Wankie,	2.0	2.20 p. m.

TUESDAY, 5TH JULY.

Bulawayo,	8.5	8.30 a. m.
Matopos,	10.15 a. m.	

WEDNESDAY, 6TH JULY.

Matopos,	12.0 noon	
Bulawayo,	1.45 p. m.	

FRIDAY, 8TH JULY.

Bulawayo,	6.0 p. m.	
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SATURDAY, 9TH JULY.

	ARR.	DEP.
Francistown,	12.1	12.21 a. m.
Palapye Road,	5.19	5.24 a. m.
Mahalapye,	7.24	7.59 a. m.
Mochudi,	12.34	1.0 p. m.
Mafeking,	6.52	7.15 p. m.

SUNDAY, 10TH JULY.

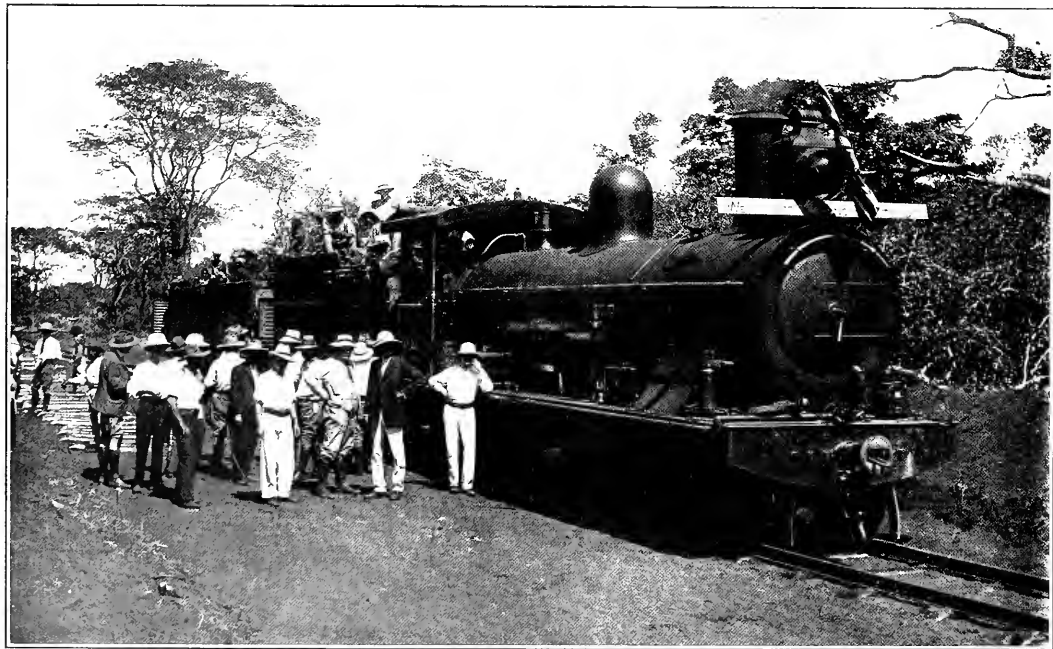
Kimberley,	8.20 a. m.	
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MONDAY, 11TH JULY.

Kimberley,		11.30 a. m.
Modder River,		12.35 p. m.
Orange River,		2.45 p. m.
De Aar,	6.38	6.45 p. m.

TUESDAY, 12TH JULY.

Beaufort West,	1.15	1.30 a. m.
Touws River,	9.55	10.4 a. m.
Worcester,	12.41	12.50 p. m.
Wellington,	3.30	3.42 p. m.
Cape Town,	5.32 p. m.	



A STOP BY THE WAY

TRIP TO THE VICTORIA FALLS.

June 22nd.

FIRST DAY OUT.

Platform No. 12 in the Cape Town Railway Station presented a busy scene to-day from noon till half-an-hour later. The Rhodesia Railway special Train de Luxe—the one used by Mr. Chamberlain during his South African tour—was drawn up ready to receive its complement of passengers for the Victoria Falls. The train was composed of two engines, a Library Car, three Sleeping Cars, a Dining Saloon Car, a Kitchen Car, a Refrigerator and a Luggage Car. The centre car bore the legend: "First Through Train, Cape Town to Victoria Falls."

Nearly a hundred and fifty people had assembled to see the thirty odd passengers off on their long journey, and the ubiquitous snap-shotter was taking pictorial notes on account of one of the Cape Town papers.

A few minutes before 12.30 the order "Stand Clear!" was given, and amidst hearty cheers and the explosion of fog signals the train glided out of the station.

The day was one of rare beauty, such as comes with the clear shining after rain. Nature looked fresh and bright, the mountains standing out with unwonted vividness in the limpid atmosphere. Soon after leaving Cape Town an excellent lunch was served. After a run through the long town of Paarl, where the trees were showing bright Autumn tints, the train stopped at Wellington to pick up two of our number.

At 4 p. m. the party assembled in the Library Car for afternoon tea and the cutting of the cake. This cake, quite a masterpiece in the confectioner's art, was a gift from Mrs. Lyon, who, unfortunately, could not be one of the party. It was decorated with a Map of Africa in coloured sugars, showing our route to the Falls, and the Arderne Party legend—historical and prophetic—around the margin. Mr. Lyon asked Mrs. Arderne to cut the cake, presenting her with a beautiful silver knife with which to cut it, as a memento of

the occasion. The party then gave three hearty cheers for Mr. Lyon, to whose indefatigable and skillful organisation the trip owes its inception and successful beginning. Cameras are everywhere and one never knows when one is being photographed. Even the cake had to be taken; first with a background of fair ladies, and afterwards in a position which would best display its decorations. It is to be hoped that a judicious censorship will be exercised on all negatives before they are printed for all the world and his wife to see.

Before dark, Worcester was reached and the Hex River Pass ascended in the moonlight. By bedtime we were on the edge of the Karoo, and the shrewd sharpness of the air made overcoats and wraps a necessity.

[23rd.] The Tour Programme gave fair warning that demurrage would be charged against all those who did not turn up for breakfast by nine o'clock. Several members of the party just saved themselves from this penalty.

D. A. H.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT

"This way, sir, for the Arderne Party!" greeted my ears as I made my way to the main line departure platform at 12.10 o'clock on Wednesday, June 22nd, 1904. I was soon in the midst of a perfect babel of tongues, especially ladies, gathered on and about the Train de Luxe, which was in readiness to receive the fortunate ladies and gentlemen who constitute the above-named party. Perfect weather made it possible and agreeable for a large party of friends to assemble and accord the party a right hearty send-off. Many good wishes were expressed by those who remained that improved health and much enjoyment might be the resulting consequence to each of the happy tourists. With strict punctuality the Special glided out of the Cape Town Station, amid cheers and counter-cheers from platform and train, punctuated by several ominous reports of the fog-signal description and a display of suitable bunting; and thus began our long journey to the distant Zambesi, every mind entertain-



READY FOR TREE-KING

ing the hope that the whole journey might be in happy keeping with its absolutely propitious start.

The confused heaps of baggage which almost filled some of the compartments engaged the mental and muscular attention of certain of the gentlemen, whose wives and daughters had brought with them a considerable portion of their worldly belongings, till Durban Road was reached. Then followed the far more agreeable occupation of negotiating our first meal. In view of the fact that meals are bound to form a very important feature of our trip, it is more than likely that everyone sat down to our first luncheon in a more or less critical frame of mind. It is gratifying to record the unanimous satisfaction produced. If anything like this standard of excellence be maintained, it will reflect the greatest credit upon the catering staff. The tables were laid with great taste, the silver, glass, cruets, etc., were of the best quality; tastefully arranged flowers in pretty china vases looked quite homely. The waiting was perfect, carried through by six stewards, all men who certainly did not hide behind doors when good looks were served

out; none of your old fat boozey-looking waiters of the type portrayed by Charles Dickens—but fine, handsome young fellows, smart, intelligent and most obliging—men who might be in keeping with the best European Hotels—and all clad in snowy white.

Shortly after lunch, an intimation was passed round that “the cake” would be cut by Mrs. Arderne at 4 o’clock. This naturally set everybody wondering. Is it the Owl Cake? asked one. No! it must be Mr. Arderne’s birthday, said another. The feeling of expectation was intense when we assembled in the drawing-room at a few minutes to four o’clock. Silence was at last demanded by Mr. Polhemus Lyon. He had several announcements to make in respect of a cart-drive at Mafeking, Sunday Services at Bulawayo, and so on. Of course everyone was interested and listened as men do on the eve of some great event, wistful eyes being constantly turned towards the door. At last it came! the mystic, unknown Cake, carried by two stalwart stewards and hidden beneath the ample folds of tissue paper. Mrs. Arderne sat in position at the table, and gracefully unveiled a perfect monster of the

confectioner's art. This was no Owl Cake! In no respect could any resemblance be traced to that weekly Cape Town production. It was a creation of an infinitely higher order—fine and large, round and beautiful to look upon. When the party had sufficiently recovered its breath, Mr. Lyon said the Cake was a thoughtful and kind gift from his dear wife, whose state of health did not permit her to be one of the party—a circumstance deplored by one and all. Mrs. Lyon wished the Cake to be a visible, though transient, token of her interest in the Party and her wishes for its prosperous journey. Mr. Lyon then requested Mrs. Arderne to cut the Cake with a lovely silver knife, which she was asked to accept as a souvenir of the event. Before doing so, Mrs. Arderne delivered a delightful little speech, in which the sweet gift was sweetly acknowledged, and well-deserved honor was paid to Mr. Lyon, to whose untiring energy, forethought and business capacity we owe every arrangement for this delightful trip. The cake was iced from base to its ample surface, on which was traced in a thin line of pink sugar a map of South Africa, and in

chocolate the party's proposed route was indicated. Floating on the surrounding oceans the following words were seen:

ARDERNE PARTY

BULAWAYO 1897
VICTORIA FALLS 1904

LAKE TANGANYIKA 190—
CAIRO 19—

Mrs. Arderne having inserted the ten-inch blade, it was suggested that further inroad into the toothsome morsel should be deferred till afternoon tea on Friday, so as to allow the Eastern Province and Transvaal members of the party, who are joining the train at De Aar and Mafeking, to participate in the function. Needless to say, every face elongated, but the request was so proper and kind as to forbid any expression of protest. Soothing our disappointment in a delicious cup of tea and a dessert biscuit, which seemed to be poor fare beside that lovely cake, we quietly resigned ourselves to the inevitable and tried to dwell upon the thought that after all it was only a joy deferred.

At seven the welcome words "Dinner ready!" were passed along the corridor and the meal, perfect in



A Glimpse in the Woods

every respect, was duly disposed of, every lady diner wearing lovely white Roman Hyacinths, white Daphne, snow-flake Narcissus and Camelias from the famous garden of Mr. H. M. Arderne and kindly presented by him. The remainder of the evening was occupied chiefly in admiring the grand scenery of the

Hex River mountains with moonlight effects, which to some of the party was quite new ground.

And so, amidst the vastness and silence of the Karoo, the first day of what all hope will prove a deeply interesting journey had its termination.

J. D. C.



ORANGE RIVER STATION TO MAFEKING.

4 o'clock afternoon, June 23rd, to 4 o'clock afternoon, June 24.

At Orange River Station, teatime, Thursday afternoon, the train was halted close to the bridge to enable the devotees of the camera to take in a large subject, namely, the Orange River Bridge *AND* the Arderne Party. The one is already historical, the other is *going* to be so. For such a work of art—only a limited number to be printed—all lovers of beauty and history are expected to subscribe. But the price—like that of the Times' Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—is shortly to be doubled!

From Orange River to Kimberley our special train was passing through the scenes of Methuen's brief and checkered campaign in November and December, 1899. It was strange to read on prosaic railway station boards the names that brought sorrow and anxiety to so many hearts throughout the Empire, not quite five years ago. Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, Ma-

gersfontein—plain farmers' names for plain facts of the features of Mother Earth—have become names with associations such as make history all the world over and all the ages through.

At Modderfontein our train halted, and in the moonlight our party was conducted to the Soldiers' Cemetery lying near. Presumably, from its size, it contained only the graves of officers and of such non-coms and privates as had been brought wounded from the field and had died in hospital. Some of the monuments to officers were very fine. The monuments to Colonels Downman and Goff and the Celtic Cross to young Ramsay of the Black Watch were among these. One plain wooden cross covered the common grave of half a dozen dead—four whose names were given, and “also two others, names and corps unknown.” Another cross marked the resting-place of some men of



ON CANNON KOPJE—MAFFERING

the Scandinavian corps of the Boer forces, which was so terribly exposed and suffered so severely at Modder River. Officers and privates, the named and the nameless, friend and foe—all resting together in the little enclosed cemetery in the peaceful moonlight! One lady was heard lightly whispering,

“Now, tell us all about the War,
And what they kill'd each other for!”

The Loyal Women's League has taken as a sacred duty the care of all the soldiers' cemeteries. Mrs. H. M. Arderne of our party, who is president of the League, was pleased to see one piece of the League's work well carried out at Modder River.

“En Voiture! Messieurs et Mesdames!” At Kimberley our party was joined by a contingent from the Eastern Province. And, as the train sped away into the dim night, leaving Kimberley and its constellation of electric lamps behind, the travellers turned into their cabins.

Friday broke upon us in a fresh landscape, under a brighter sky, and in a drier, more exhilarating air. In various ways our travellers occupied the morning,

much energy being shown in writing notes, letters, post cards, and in making up packets of pictures and curios for the English and American mails.

The special experience of the day was the visit to Mafeking. Through the foresight of Mr. Lyon, the Mayor had been communicated with, and made to understand the importance of receiving our Pioneer Party properly. Mayor de Kock rose to the occasion and “commandeered” all the private and passenger carts in the neighborhood. Quite a number of prominent citizens attended the Mayor on the railway platform to welcome the guests of the Municipality. Some of the travellers went curio hunting in the town; but most drove on with the Mayor to Cannon Kopje. From this point of vantage the Mayor showed us the spots most memorable in connection with the Siege—the Cannon Kopje itself, the “key of the position”—the Brickfields, where the Boer and Colonial lines came nearest to each other and “potted” at each other daily in the most persistent and painstaking way—the Native Stad through which Eloff made his last dash—and the B. S. A. headquarters which he cap-

tured in the forenoon, and where he in turn surrendered to his captive (Major Hore) at seven in the evening, just in time to accept Colonel Baden-Powell's soldierly invitation, "Come in, Commandant, and have some dinner!"

When we had driven all around the town, and witnessed the streets laid out on generous lines and outlined in every direction with rows of vigorous young pepper trees, we were taken to the new Town Hall. In front, we paused to view the monument to the troops of all corps—regular and irregular—who fell in the Siege. We were shown through the Town Hall—we admired its polished floor and its well-equipped stage and orchestra, and sang "God save the King" in front of the curtain—and then passed into the Council Chamber, glittering in all the freshness of carved teak and polished mahogany, but saved from the air of the commonplace by its framed photos of war incidents and siege works and workers. The Pioneer Party enjoyed the hospitality of the Mayor in the Banquet Room of the Town Hall, and Mr. Lyon, for the company, thanked the Mayor and his fellow-

citizens for their generous endeavours to make our visit to Mafeking pleasant and memorable. The Mayor, replying, said that the citizens of Mafeking were always ready *suitably* to welcome *either* friends or foes in their town, which Mr. Chamberlain had just recently entitled with suggestive force "The Gates of the North." We next passed to the Church of St. John, recently built as a Memorial of the Siege—red Bulawayo stone work for bases and lintels and piers, and plain, unplastered brick work outside and inside. Time will mellow its present somewhat ostentatious crudeness.

The party bade good-bye to Mafeking and its hospitable Mayor and citizens, feeling fresh interest both in its history and its prospects—its past and its future,—and believing that, if energy and resource and hope count for anything in making history, there is a good time coming for the plucky lot who held against odds in a dark hour for the Empire (and now hold *for good*) "The Gates of the North." Health and long life to the wardens of the "Open Door"!

At Mafeking our party was completed by the addi-



NATIVES WASHING PLACE—JUST ABOVE THE FALLS

tion of three members who had come by motor-car from Johannesburg. When tea-time came, the famous cake (Mrs. Lyon's Cake) was cut into—it was so large that it could not be said to be cut to pieces—and pronounced to be sweet to the taste, as well as pleasant to the eyes. Whether any sad consequences followed the enjoyment—not wisely, but too well—of Mrs. Lyon's tempting gift, does not fall to the present chronicler to say. At tea-time his twenty-four hours of service came to an end. Next man, please! Look alive! "All's quiet in the Protectorate!" Pass word for to-morrow, "Bulawayo!" So long!

T. W.

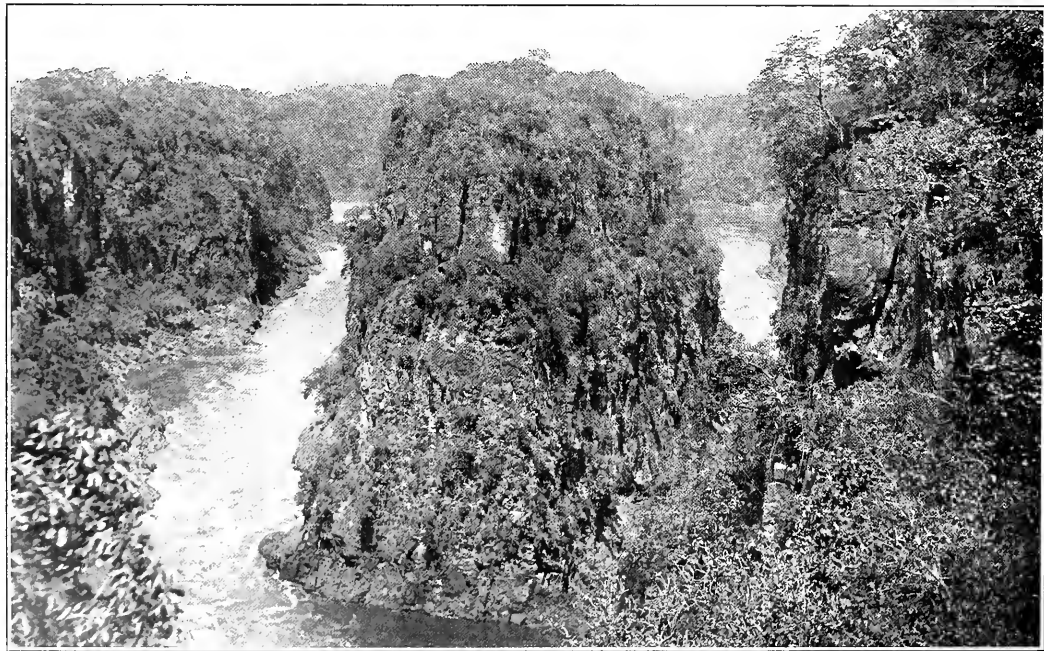
June 24 (continued).

Few amongst our party for one moment realised the additional pleasure which a visit to Mafeking would afford; for in the minds of many it was considered as one of the things provided in our official programme, which had to be gone through with the best possible grace. But surprise after surprise awaited us, for our train, punctual to its time, had no sooner drawn up

at the railway platform than it became apparent that our advent had been pleasurably anticipated, for, on alighting, our Party was met and cordially welcomed by Mr. De Kock who represents the District in the Cape Legislative Assembly, and is also the popular Mayor of the town. He was accompanied by several of the leading townsmen who vied with their Mayor in extending to their visitors a very cordial welcome, which did not expend itself in a warm handshaking, for, immediately we emerged from the Station, a row of ten or twelve well-appointed vehicles met our gaze, into which we were invited to enter, and with our worthy Mayor as our guide, philosopher and friend, we started off at a spanking pace to visit the various points rendered for ever famous and of historic interest owing to the heroic, patient and self-denying labor of the defenders of the town during a period of two hundred and seventeen days, throughout which time the small garrison vied with each other in self-sacrificing efforts to defend their hearths and homes from the Boer invasion. The first spot visited was a rising piece of ground situated about three-quarters of a mile

from the centre of the town on its southwestern boundary, and familiarly known as the Fort or Canon Kopje. This eminence, insignificant as it was in height, dominated the town and all the country to the south and west, and it soon became apparent to the besieged that the occupation of this coign of vantage by the enemy would end in the demolition of the town. It therefore became of the highest moment that this spot should be strongly fortified and held at all cost. Earthworks, surmounted by sand bags, were erected with all possible speed, the men working day and night; dug-outs, or underground places of shelter, constructed, wire entanglements placed around the fortifications at varying distances to prevent the possibility of the place being rushed, and every other possible precaution taken to prevent surprise. This fort was garrisoned by only forty-five men—more could not be spared—and this intrepid little band for more than seven weary months kept watch and ward at the imminent peril of their own lives, several of their number falling victims to bursting shells and shot which destroyed the outworks, though these were

with conspicuous bravery immediately repaired. From this spot the Mayor kindly and graphically described the various important positions occupied by the besiegers and the besieged. Every one was intensely surprised to find the very flat area which had to be defended, involving effective defence around a cordon of between five and six miles, and necessitating hourly watchfulness at every point, so, as someone said, everyone had to sleep with his weather eye open. Leaving this highly interesting spot, we perambulated the streets, passing the Native Location where Eloff entered and met his fate, our worthy guides pointing out every spot of historic interest. "See that window at the gable end of that house? Well, a shell entered it and literally cut the bedstead into a thousand pieces, but fortunately the occupant had just left the room." "That gateway was demolished as the owner was emerging and he lost his life." Even the well-appointed hospital—which looked the essence of tidiness—and the Red Cross Ambulance Building shared in the common disaster and were severely mauled by shot and shell. Time



THE KNIFE LOG.—AROUND WHICH THE RIVER DOUBLES

fails to tell of the many deeply interesting spots before we reached Coronation Avenue, which our enthusiastic guide said was inaugurated on Coronation Day by the interesting ceremony of planting 1000 pepper trees by 1000 children, one tree being a memento to each child in after-life of good work done on that memorable day. The trees bound the avenue on each side and are planted ten feet apart, so that they will, when fully grown, form a noble avenue one mile in length, and be a handsome boulevard in that quarter of the town.

But the Mayor is getting impatient and he is hurrying us off to see his own special reserve, the newly-erected and imposing-looking Town House where he reigns in civic splendour. Fronting the structure, and claiming our first attention, is an attractive monument built after the style of Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment, its quadrilateral sides being inscribed with the names of the heroes who lost their lives during the memorable siege, in which, so our guide said, the Native population also took a most praiseworthy part. Entering the main structure

under an extended portico, you are ushered into a beautifully constructed hall of noble proportions whose polished floor was highly suggestive to the ladies of our party of terpsichorean enjoyments as they tripped merrily across its smooth surface. The Mayor as he opened the next door exclaimed "And this, Ladies, is our Council Chamber." Yes, there before us was the most modern regulation horse-shoe table, resplendent in polished mahogany. Elevated above the table was the Mayor's chair—and such a chair as would have turned Mayor Sir William Thorne, and even old Van Riebeck, green with envy! But, if the chair was grand, the unique canopy above it, elaborately carved out of solid teak and occupying one-fourth of the room, was grander still, and so strikingly in evidence that on looking back and locating the chamber one would cease to speak of the Council Chamber, but of the room with the canopy—or, ecclesiastically, the Reredos Room.

"And now," said the Mayor, "you will be tired and thirsty. Will you partake of some light refreshments?" And opening the door of another hall, we

saw kindly provision made for our inner man, to which we did ample justice. Mr. Lyon and Mr. Arderne then toasted the Mayor, and Mafeking friends, thanking them warmly for their enthusiastic welcome. The Mayor suitably replied, saying that

they hoped ever to do their duty to friends and foes. The National Anthem was sung, and we bade adieu to plucky little Mafeking, wishing it very cordially a most prosperous career.

H. M. A.





OUR MIGHTY HUNTER—ONE DAY'S "BAG"

MAFEKING TO BULAWAYO.

June 25th and 26th.

At 1.30 p. m. on Friday, the 25th, as we steamed out of Mafeking with our party of thirty-eight now complete, we gave three rousing cheers for the good fellows who royally entertained us there. After we had passed Pitsani, the starting point of Jameson's famous raid, the country gradually became more wooded, strange trees and bushes were clothed in the loveliest autumn tints, until we were passing thro' park-like forests, with here and there a kopje, wooded to the summit.

A few years ago, this country must have been teeming with game, and, judging from the number of skins and karosses offered by traders at the various stations along the line, there must still be good shooting obtainable.

At Crocodile Pools we stopped for some time to take water and allow "hot boxes" to cool. While there, a brisk business was done in Kaffir bangles, and Mr.

Cartwright, after considerable difficulty, got a few Bechuana boys, "mit nodings on," to pose for him: all the while, however, they regarded his formidable camera with considerable suspicion. Subsequently they gave us a war-dance, ably coached by Mr. Pallet, whose portly form showed to great advantage going through the initial steps.

As we got farther North, the country became more undulating in appearance, with patches of dried grass here and there, looking in the distance like white sand.

During the frequent stoppages, members of our party with a taste for botany had ample opportunity for securing specimens of rare grasses, flower seeds, etc., the results of which will doubtless delight many in the Colony who may be unable to take this most delightful trip.

One of the ladies lost a portion of her wardrobe out of an open window last night, and we are all looking

forward, with keen interest to seeing a Bechuana beauty arrayed in all the glory of a gorgeous Paris creation on our return trip. Khama's country, with Palapye the old and Mahalapye the present capital, we passed during the night. Crossing the Sashi River with a dry sandy, waterless bed, we got into Rhodesia. Francis Town is the centre of the Goldfields, now practically unworked. The people here wear a tired look (amongst other things) doubtless the effect of fever. Although small, Francis Town boasts an A. B. C. Bank.

At Tssibe, we found that the foreman had fenced his garden with live saplings, and in front had planted aloes, surrounded by geraniums in full bloom. It is strange how the Britisher, even in the wilds, contrives to make life as pleasant as possible for himself and family.

In going through this country, we are profoundly impressed by the immensity of it, and the courage of that great man, Cecil John Rhodes, who conceived the idea of securing it for Great Britain, and set himself the task of administering it and populating it

with Britishers. Would that he were alive to carry on his great work—the country misses him sorely!

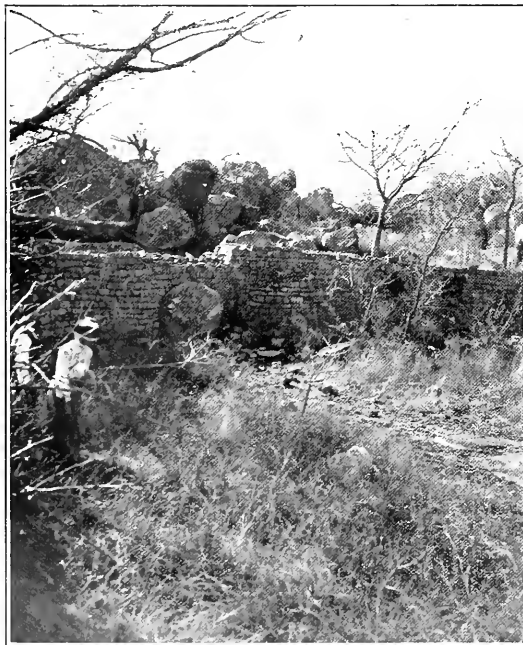
As we got nearer Bulawayo, the country became rougher and barer, small farm houses, mostly under thatch roofs, dotted around.

The Rev. Mr. Aldridge, a fine specimen of "muscular Christianity," and the Editor of the "Bulawayo Chronicle," met us at the Bulawayo Station and gave us a hearty welcome to Lobengula's capital, and the gentlemen of our party were courteously invited by the members of the Bulawayo Club and of the Rhodesia Club to use their beautiful buildings during our stay.

Æ. M.

Invitations were also received from THE BULAWAYO CHESS AND WHIST CLUB; from Mr. J. E. SCOTT, Mayor of Bulawayo, to the Unveiling of the Rhodes Statue; from THE RHODESIA SCIENCE ASSOCIATION to a Conversation in the Museum.

On the day of our arrival the morning paper, the BULAWAYO CHRONICLE, had for its leading article an



RUINS



BAOBAB TREE

editorial entitled "Northward Ho!" and dealing with the advent of our party, the pioneer of hosts of tourists to follow.

June 25th to 27th.

Bulawayo, scene of many a conflict between black and white, barbarism and Christianity, is reached, but has now few traces of the struggles through which it has passed, to remind the visitor of its history! Black and white are to be met everywhere, but now in perfectly harmonious relation, having become completely adjusted, even in these few years, to the new order of things.

The days of Lobengula, seated under his gnarled and knotty indaba tree, dispensing so-called justice to his subjects, are passed, and about this self-same tree is now a beautifully kept garden. The beds at the foot of the tree contain blue and white violets, the former of unusual size and fragrance, and just without this circular enclosure, in the space occupied by the tribe during these trials, is a beautiful park of trees of more remarkable varieties. These to some

extent shut out the view, but going just beyond one sees at a distance of some four or five miles the mountain, or hill, to which were taken, never to return, the victims who were judged beneath the tree.

At a little distance, on the site of the Kraal of the old Chief, now stands the Government House of quaint substantial Dutch architecture, in the midst of carefully-tended gardens of trees and flowers. Orange trees, laden with flower and fruit, stand in the foreground, and the immediate approach is lined with beds of flowers. Outside this is an avenue two and three-fourths miles in length, leading up to the grounds and bordered on either hand by a double row of very young trees which are as yet but reminders of the possibilities for the future.

Our programme included a three-hour drive about the town and to the Government House. Bulawayo is laid out in ample proportions, the main street being a hundred feet in width, and many of the others eighty feet. There are blocks of buildings worthy of a much larger place, and in the shops one is able to find the most modern conveniences imported from all coun-

tries. There are also many evidences that sports of all sorts receive from the people of Bulawayo their due share of attention. We saw Polo, Tennis, Croquet and Golf grounds, well kept up and evidently in constant use. The inhabitants appreciate the value of trees and the contribution they can make to the beauty of the place. Pepper trees of a size and perfection unequalled in the other places we have visited, abound everywhere. Especially in the drive through the park we found these trees wonderfully beautiful.

This is a town of magnificent distances, evidently designed to leave space in which to grow. The number of bicycles one sees is not surprising in view of this consideration, and rickshas, with one native in front and one behind, are very useful in going about from place to place.

The three-hour drive on Saturday afternoon on our arrival enabled us to get a very good idea of the plan of the town and its chief places of interest, and we were repeatedly struck with the evidence that its founder had looked beyond the immediate present and had made his plans in the expectation of a great centre

yet to be. One wonders whether the dreams will be one day realized, and regrets that to-day the white population numbers only four thousand or two thousand less than five years ago.

The kindness and hospitality accorded to us were delightful. Before we really reached the station, several representatives of the place were on hand to meet us, and there had preceded them a very kind invitation to worship with the Congregational Church on Sunday. The Bulawayo Club and the Rhodesia Club also threw open their doors to the gentlemen on Saturday evening, and many were glad to avail themselves of this hospitality.

On Sunday morning our party went in different directions, some accepting Mr. Aldridge's kind invitation, others being desirous to hear the Bishop of Chichester, who was spending the day here. There are several Churches in the place, English, Congregational, Wesleyan, a new Presbyterian Church, but largest and most pretentious of all is a fine new Roman Catholic edifice, built of Matopo granite, and having stained glass windows.



THE RIVER NEAR THE FALLS—SHOWING SPRAY IN THE DISTANCE WHICH RISES SOME HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE FALLS

The Drill Hall and the two Club buildings also deserve mention, beside many of the office buildings.

Here, nearly forty-five hundred feet above sea-level, and fourteen hundred miles from Cape Town, we spent the first Sunday of our visit.

H. A. S.

Our itinerary had been so arranged that while covering such great distances we were able to spend each of the three Sundays quietly, as we would at home.



BULAWAYO TO VICTORIA FALLS.

*Noon Monday, June 27th, to 3 p. m.**Tuesday, June 28th.*

Eleven o'clock—time for our train to start for the Falls—the Ultima Thule of the Arderne Party of 1904! Cabs, drags, rickshas deposit dusty fares, anxiously consulting watches while gathering up mysterious-looking brown-paper parcels—last purchases before leaving the region of shops. “Is the train leaving at once?” “Yes—just waiting for a goods to pass!” In the library car all available table space is occupied. Messages, telegrams, postcards, letters, are hastily written. The one single inkpot is much in demand. The vendor of picture postcards does a thriving trade, and the person willing to lend a postage stamp is looked upon with approval. At twelve, one hour after time, the signal is given and our long train moves out of the station, our Bulawayo friends giving us a hearty send-off. Many of us re-

member the time when “Gubulawayo” itself was a mere name set down on a map, surrounded by great blank spaces, and associated with the names of one or two Europeans who lived there among savage men and wilder beasts. As to the Victoria Falls—their sound was heard from afar, but, like a travellers’ tale, their fame was unstable as a rainbow, and shrouded in a mist of doubt. In fancy we survey the long sandy road from Bulawayo to the Falls, and find it full of the pathetic memories of men who struggled over it, gaunt with fever and grey with anxiety; here and there, too, checkered with the bones of those who tried to reach the Falls—and failed. And over the same road, we Ardernites, in our luxuriously-appointed train, travel with ease and comfort—an excursion party to the wonderful, remote, romantic Victoria



LOOKING INTO THE CHASM

Falls—the first in history, but only the first of an interminable series to follow—the head of an endless procession ever widening as it fades from view in the dim future.

A description of the route is only partly possible. One notices soon after leaving Bulawayo a marked difference in the character of the landscape and the outlines of the hills. Many of the kopjes had the usual flat tops of sandstone formation, others were conical, while everywhere from the valleys to the highest ridges, all the ground was clothed in shaggy bush; with the exception of the ubiquitous mopani, all the trees were strange, as indeed was all the vegetation.

At the Wankie Coal mine the country drops to about 1500 feet, but rises again to about 2300 feet at the falls. Just after lunch on Tuesday, a somewhat solid, stationary, stiff-looking cloud was seen near the northeast horizon—the engine-driver kindly called my attention to the fact by a shrill whistle. This was the famous Spray Cloud from the Falls, and shortly after that, but for the noise of the train, the rumble of the falling water might have been heard. At three o'clock

the train drew up at the present terminus of the line, about half a mile (as the crow flies) from the waterfall, and in a few minutes the train was deserted, most of the party following the line of rails in the direction of the new bridge, thus getting their first impressions of the Falls from Danger Point. A smaller company, following a path to the left, came suddenly upon that most magnificent of all views—that seen from the Devil's Cataract.

V. L. P.

So much had been said during the days of our preparation for the trip, as to some one falling a victim to the fever so prevalent at the Falls during six months of the year, that in the daily announcements made at afternoon tea, the party were advised that a liberal supply of quinine had been stocked, and each member would be served with a portion at every breakfast from the morning of the 27th until our return to Bulawayo.

As a matter of fact we think this precaution for such a party visiting the Falls in winter was needless

—only those old sufferers from the fever and saturated with it are liable to an attack at this season of the year.

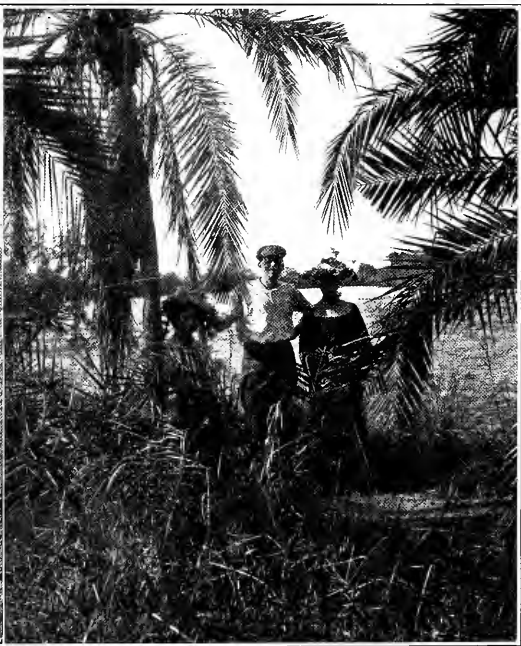
The Victoria Falls station is at an altitude of 2300

feet above sea level, and tho' this is several degrees within the tropics it could only be called hot for two or three hours of the day, the early morning hours and the evening being really cold bracing weather.





AT DANGER POINT—AFTER TRAMP THROUGH "RAIN FOREST"



IN THE "PALM FOREST"— $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE ABOVE FALLS—ELEPHANT GRASS IN FRONT,
"CROCKS" BEHIND, NYMPHS ALL AROUND—A VERIFIABLE FAIRYLAND

RAIN FOREST, VICTORIA FALLS.

29th June, 1904.

In obedience to a request almost amounting to a command, I take up my pen to chronicle some of the doings of our party from 4 p. m. on the 28th to 4 p. m. on the 29th: and although the chronicle does not include our impressions of the first sight of these wondrous and beautiful Falls, *that* having been about two hours previously, yet it includes some record of a day which will, I think, be long remembered by everyone of us as a red-letter day, to which they will look back with delight and pleasant thoughts.

After the return from the Falls to our comfortable Victoria Hotel, the Train de Luxe of the Rhodesian Railway Co., the afternoon tea was especially appreciated. Then there was a busy hour, many of us writing letters, sending telegrams announcing our arrival, and postcards to friends, which had been specially brought to be posted here, that they might bear the stamp of the Victoria Falls post office. One

young lady was so anxious to have such a card that she addressed one to herself to her Cape Town home.

At dinner this evening and during our stay at the Falls, our chef excelled himself in providing toothsome delicacies, amongst which were "Arderne Poudin," "Zambesi Poudin," "Victoria Falls Poudin." This last was quite an artistic triumph, the Falls being represented by light foaming materials in pyramidal form, just ready to fall over with the least encouragement, and underneath them was the genuine "Ice Cream," which, in these tropical parts, was highly appreciated.

As you may well imagine, during the meal the principal topic of conversation was the Falls, their wondrous beauty, splendour, magnificence, grandeur, etc., etc., etc. They had in no case come short of anticipations, but had exceeded all that had been imagined of their marvellous extent and beauty.

Through the thoughtfulness of the excellent organiser of this trip, the time arranged for our visit was that of full-moon on the day of our arrival, so after dinner we went for a second excursion to the Falls to see them in the clear light of the moon. The evening was a delightful one—cool, clear and calm, and under such favorable circumstances we reached the part known as the Devil's Cataract, closely adjoining the entrance to the Rain Forest, and gazed, and gazed again with rapturous delight at the immense volume of sparkling water which was rushing, foaming, tearing down the Falls with alarming rapidity into the deep chasm, causing clouds of river spray and mist to rise to great heights, which can be seen at a distance of five miles and as we gazed into the unfathomable depths beneath, a deep sense of awe and solemnity filled our minds at the stupendous and marvellous sight, the like of which none of us had ever seen.

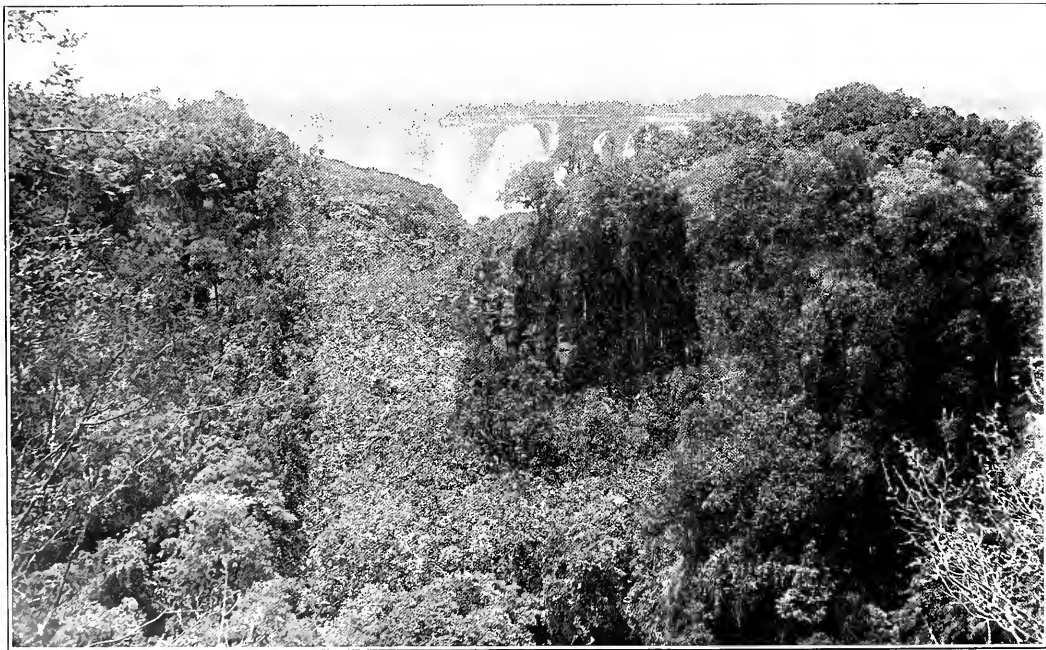
One of our number, desirous we should see all we possibly could of the beauties of the neighborhood, informed us there was a guide willing to show us some lovely palms quite close at hand, just a ten-minutes

walk away. In good faith we went and followed our volunteer guide in a broad, winding path along the Zambesi banks, regardless of danger from venomous snakes and hungry crocodiles, which were in close proximity. Some of us, to wit, the aged and infirm, were a tired party, and after a tramp of thirty instead of ten minutes, enquired when our walk was to end? We were told we had only a little further distance to go, and were lured on and on, with now rather ruffled tempers and wearied bodies. The absurd estimates of distances which the local people tendered us soon grew to be a huge joke.

The river was extremely beautiful in the moonlight, but midnight was getting nearer, if not the darkness, and the writer thought of the Canadian boat song, applicable here to the boatmen of the Zambesi in this locality:

“Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.”

After our long walk, our guide was informed we longed for the rest of home, and a conference was



DISTANT VIEW—LOOKING OVER THE FOREST

held. Discussion arose whether it would be best to retrace our steps, or to go to our travelling hotel another way, which was said to be a shorter one. We adopted the latter course, and thankfully reached our train about an hour before midnight. A lady in delicate health suffered much from this adventure. Moral: Inaccuracy, or practical jokes, often occasion trouble and suffering to others.

Wednesday, 29th. Refreshed by balmy sleep, we were more physically fit for the long looked-for walk through the Rain Forest arranged for this day. Due warning had been given to be prepared to be thoroughly drenched. This counsel, it was soon evident, had been taken by all our party, and it caused great amusement to see gentlemen clad in sailors' oilskin suits, miners' costumes, others with strong boots, leggings and other devices to exclude the water. Ladies were clad in leggings, driving apron capes, water proofs, and variety-costumes so arranged as to render movement under difficult circumstances practical and possible. To these costumes they did not, they said, attach much monetary value.

Zambesia natives were engaged to carry cameras and changes of clothing for some of our party, and at last the motley group, which, marching in single file, would have created a sensation in Adderley Street, Cape Town, set off for the famous Rain Forest excursion.

A hammock had been brought from Bulawayo for one of the ladies, who for a time was carried by four stalwart, lightly-clad Zambesian boys, but before half of the trip to the Forest had been completed the hammock netting gave way, nearly precipitating the fair occupant to the ground. The hammock was now useless; the boys were paid off, and the lady with her customary energy resolved to walk rather than miss an opportunity not likely to occur again. At the entrance to the Rain Forest we met Sir William Milton, Administrator of Rhodesia, who with Lady Milton was paying a visit to this charming spot. Sir William had been known to some of us who came from Cape Town in years past as a famous cricketer, an able civil servant and private secretary to the late Rt. Hon. C. J. Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes, who was ever quick

to discern ability, desired the then Mr. Milton to assist in the government of Rhodesia, and now Sir William Milton as Administrator has ably discharged the duties of the office and fully justified his selection by Mr. Rhodes.

About half-way through the Forest we met another Cape Town lady, Lady Michell, the wife of Sir Lewis Michell, a member of the Government of Cape Colony. Lady Michell who was most suitably attired in yellow oilskins, looked a picture of health and energy, and with her daughter was evidently thoroughly enjoying the grand surroundings. But to return to the Forest. The ground was as generally anticipated, very wet and muddy. The growth of long grass concealed many a soft and deep watery pool, into which the feet of pedestrians not infrequently disappeared. With a certain amount of exertion the prisoners were extricated, and naturally chose thereafter the most solid and rocky ground.

The sun shone in perfect brilliancy and beauty on the great variety of tropical trees, shrubs and plants which adorn the Forest. Fan palms, date palms, and

other varieties were abundant; maiden hair ferns, and an immense variety of the most lovely mosses carpetted the ground, and with their delicate forms and varied shades of green, and the spray and sunshine above them, formed a carpet of natural beauty on which the eye delighted to dwell. Trees, palms, ferns, mosses—all were flourishing in this their native soil; gigantic creepers twined themselves with an iron grip around the ancient trees growing in beauteous forms on the edge of the enormous chasm which was receiving the rapid and mighty waters of the famed Zambesi.

In a comparatively short time, we were all pretty well drenched, with showers of rain descending from time to time, and with the wind occasionally blowing the mist clouds from the Falls across our path—but it is well worth the drenching—only prepare for it.

Some of the party, with the object, they said, of preventing detrimental effects of these African mist clouds, had provided themselves with a little of the "Mountain Dew" of Scotia, and we noted that some flasks containing it were being resorted to. Others



RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS—FROM EAST BANK



VIEW OF FALLS—FROM EAST BANK

indulged in the purer and less harmful beverage of edible cocoa. But however great may be the discomforts of the Rain Forest, we think no visitor to the Falls should omit the Forest walk, as only from the edge of the Forest can be seen the most marvellous and extensive views of these splendid Falls. Silver cascade chases silver cascade, and mighty torrent follows mighty torrent continuously; one wonders whence comes this enormous mass of waters, and whither they are going with their fertilising virtues, making the African desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

To attempt to give any satisfactory idea of the stupendous magnificence of those waters, so superbly beautiful, with their constant roar, the continuous mist clouds floating over them—ever and anon beautified by rainbows—and the unfathomable depths to which they descend, is a task beyond my feeble powers. Nor do I think either the painter's brush or the poet's vision can adequately describe their glorious beauty.

The chief body of the waters of the mighty Zambesi descend through a narrow outlet 600 feet wide, down the perpendicular walls of the chasm to a depth of

600 feet, and we gaze with delight on their rapid fall over evergreen mosses and shrubs, with glistening spray. Part of the water falls into the Boiling Pot, part into the Devil's Cataract, which is a slanting broken mass of waters, descending with immense velocity into the depths beneath. We exclaim "Beautiful!" "Magnificent!" "Grand!" "Majestic!" and we feel that nothing like this have we previously seen. We have some Americans in our party, who hitherto have prided themselves on being citizens of a country possessing the biggest and grandest waterfall in creation. We think they now generally admit that, if we compare Niagara with the Victoria Falls, the cake (we had rather say the palm), must be given to Victoria Falls. One of our party, who if not an American, is one closely connected with that great country, informed the writer of this chronicle that he purposed on 4th July (next Monday) sending this cablegram to his American friends. "Niagara not in it."

I must not take up more space by giving detailed description, but broadly state that the Victoria Falls are about twice the length, and twice the height of

Niagara Falls, and that a four times greater volume of water passes over them in the year than over Niagara.

After passing through the Forest, we come to the chasm over which a suspension bridge is being erected to carry a double line of rails. This bridge will be one of the highest in the world—so high that if St. Paul's Cathedral were floating on the river below it would not reach to the bridge. Already engineers, workmen and rail material are being conveyed over the temporary wire bridge which has been constructed.

After our party, in their Forest attire, had been photographed on the edge of the precipice, we returned to our happy temporary home, the Victoria Railway Carriage Hotel, to partake of an excellent lunch—all charmed, delighted, more than pleased with the scenes of surpassing beauty and grandeur which it had been our great privilege to see during this happy forenoon.

The chronicler hopes that many others will, in the future, have the joy we had this day. No adverse minority report is likely to emanate from our party, the first large body of ladies and gentlemen who have

visited the Falls. All agree that visitors who come in the future are not likely to be disappointed, and if they are, we think they must indeed be hard to please. As we viewed the Falls, thoughts came of their great discoverer fifty years ago, David Livingstone. We recognise the debt of gratitude we owe to that good and great man, one of Africa's best and noblest friends, the heroic explorer and devoted Christian missionary, the great pioneer discoverer of the beauties and wonders of the Dark Continent!

The chronicler concludes this imperfect record with the words of the inspired writers, who, after contemplating the great Creator in His triple temple of Nature, Providence and Grace, sweetly, grandly and truthfully sang:—"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!" "Thy works shall praise Thee—Thy saints shall bless Thee!"

E. J. E.

David Livingstone discovered the Falls in 1854—he returned in 1861 and spent a long time taking measurements, etc.



APPROACHING THE LEAP—JUST ABOVE THE FALLS

June 29th and 30th.

The afternoon of Wednesday, 29th June, was spent in separate parties exploring the inexhaustible scenery surrounding the Falls. Some gathered interesting specimens of agates and pebbles, together with portions of glistening stalactites from the edge of the gorge facing the point of the first zig-zag; others, bent on horticulture, sauntered through the forests, collecting curious specimens of the plant world; while the indefatigable photographers were snap-shotting every possible peep of river, cataract and gorge.

Previously, at 5.30 a. m., three of the party were down at the Devil's Cataract (where a large volume of water takes its mighty leap of 400 feet into the main chasm below) to see the sun rise through the mist over the Falls. The moon and stars were shining brilliantly at the time, and the early visitors were fortunate in seeing a most perfect lunar rainbow arching the Falls and plunging deep into the abyss. With his two companions, the writer stood on the edge of the precipice watching the changing colors of the water,

the mist, the forest and the verdure-clad basaltic cliffs shining like polished bronze, as the early sun's red glow cast its long shadows along the gorge. It brought vividly to mind the words of an old traveller who visited this spot many years ago and described it as "A vision of the Omnipotent, and a sunrise at the Gates of Heaven." In touching on this early morning ramble, I trespass upon the foregoing writer's chronicle, but having been one of the sunrise party, and seeing no record has been made, I have taken the liberty of noting it.

The day's expeditions at an end, the company after dinner assembled in the drawing room and adjoining compartments; and the gentlemen smoked their cigars to the strains of "Polly Wolly Doodle," "Do you ken John Peel" and "Tell me, have you seen my Flora pass this way?" The latter struck me as being a rather ridiculous question to ask in these far distant parts, and it is questionable whether "John Peel" has ever been heralded before amidst such romantic surroundings, to the accompaniment of a modern piano, the first piano played within sound of the Victoria Falls.

Our piano had been hired for the ten days' absence from Bulawayo and was much enjoyed. Before retiring for the night, the whole gathering reverently joined in singing "Sun of my soul," the well-known evening hymn.

On Thursday morning, June 30th, the party started on our first trip up the River to visit one of the islands and the trading station of Livingstone on the north bank in Barotzeiland—about five or six miles above the Falls. This necessitated first a land journey of three miles (the local people called it a mile and a half) to the boats. Carts and coaches had been arranged for those who felt unequal to the walk, and these were soon under weigh. The vehicles were drawn by mules and oxen, and the ride down to the River was through typically African and tropical scenery. Here we saw the great Baobab tree, 50 to 75 feet in circumference and very peculiar in appearance. To those who had no previous experience of such means of locomotion, it was a strange novelty. The long whips cracked, the drivers yelled at the animals as they labored strenuously through the thick red sand, which rose in heavy

clouds around us; and after sundry bumpings over tree stumps and through stony watercourses, we arrive at the river bank. Here we were met by a Mr. Trainor and his detachment of ebony black boatmen, arrayed in bright tartan-like kilts and white Jerseys, paraded under the shadow of the tall palms, where the remainder of our party were cooling themselves after their hot walk through the bush.

Safely launched through the reeds, the five Canadian canoes and two ship's boats gathered together, and under the direction of our pilot commenced the journey up stream, pushing out into the broad waters of the great Zambesi, which at this part is literally studded with picturesque islands (we counted thirty-seven) covered with thick and luxuriant vegetation, fringed at the water's edge with tall, feathery grasses, and crowned with tall palms which rear their stately heads above the general sky-line. It was a strange scene to the majority to be afloat on the broad, smooth, ancient river, far away from the dwellings of men, and 'neath a tropical sun. Our pilot told us that ours was the first party to engage their fleet of boats. In the



"DANGER POINT"

distance the columns of misty spray rose above the cataraacts behind us, and as far as the eye could reach the tortuous rapids stretched away in front. Then the measured swish! of the native paddles, together with their good-humoured chattering, and the occasional reprimands they received from the pilot in his anxiety to keep the flotilla together! All this forms a picture which must have impressed itself indelibly on the minds of those present. The river between the rapids and the Falls covers a distance of six miles, is a mile wide and averages 70 to 80 feet deep at flood time. After passing several Islands, one close to the rapids was chosen whereon to land the provisions supplied by our caterers in such excellent taste and abundance. Commissariat and attendants landed, and while they were preparing lunch the boats were pushed off and carefully piloted to the foot of the rapids, some venturing a little further than others to obtain as near a view as was consistent with safety. Returning again to the island, lunch was spread "neath the shade of the sheltering palms;" and here, midst prospects wild and grotesque, and the brilliant sunshine streaming

through the luxuriant vegetation, we lunched as sumptuously as at any Oxford Street cafe. A few minutes after sitting down, Mr. Cartwright came along with a full-sized puff adder, which he held suspended on a stick over our festive lunch table while he enlarged eloquently upon the dangers with which we were surrounded, beseeching one and all to be most careful wherever they went on the island, and specially to look where they stepped, which in many places was not an easy matter. One facetious member of the party observed that such a warning was similar to the case of the elderly gentleman, who had feasted not wisely but too well, and who treading on the corn of a passenger while boarding an omnibus, was indignantly told by the injured one "to look where he was stepping," to which he answered "It's Xmas time, and it's as much as I can do to step where I look." However, it is comforting to report that even after lunch no further snakes were seen by any of the party, who explored every possible nook and corner of the island, which one and all soon realized was the home of the huge hippopotamus. From the thick fresh "spoor" all

around at the water's edge it was very evident that, as we landed on one side of the island, our hippo friends beat a retreat into the water on the opposite side. During the exploration, some of the party heard a rush and heavy splash, but, owing to the dense undergrowth, were unable to see the animal, or animals. However, we followed the winding passages made by the hippos through the thicket and came upon several of their sleeping places hollowed out in the ground, upon which their form and size could be very distinctly traced. Loth to leave this spot, where doubtless the white man's foot had seldom

trod, we again embarked in the canoes to cross to the northern bank of the river, landing at the village of Livingstone in Barotseland. Here the party secured several specimens of native craftsmanship in the shape of dug-out bowls, weapons of war and native-made pottery. Some skins and horns were also secured. Livingstone is the starting point for the great Broken Hill copperfields which are some 350 miles distant and are reported to show fabulously rich deposits—the Northern Copper Co. controlling these—it is because of this industry that the next link of railway toward Tanganyika will be built. C. H. S.





ONE OF THE CATARACTS

VICTORIA FALLS—NORTH BANK.

July 1st.

I have been requested by our leader to put on paper the events of to-day, and describe the wonders we have seen.

“I would your kind indulgence then bespeak
For awkward manner and for utterance weak;
My powers indeed are feeble,
But my aim is not to rival Greek or Roman fame;
My sole ambition aims at your applause,
I am but young, let youth then plead my cause,
And if your approbation be obtained
My prayer is answered and my end obtained.”

Our trip up to the present has been one long series of pleasant surprises; but to-day I think we reach the climax, as we go forth to gaze upon the greatest wonder of the world. I have a great imagination, but I must creep down and candidly confess that I cannot paint in words the grandeur we saw to-day.

A merry party started from our happy dwelling-place, some walking, others going in bullock carts to

the drift; here we had to rest, waiting for the canoes coming down from the upper drift. Now, gliding down the great Zambesi river, all too soon we reach our landing place on the opposite side. After a walk (eight saddle horses were provided for those who did not care to walk), which is said to be three miles, but I am inclined to think the man who measured the distance missed out at least one mile, we reach our destination. Here we stand and look at the beauty of the various points of view; the magnificence and vastness of the panorama, which every turn and rising ground altered, struck us dumb with admiration. The cataraacts themselves are formed by a fissure which extends from one bank to the other about a mile across; the waters of the Zambesi, calm and tranquil like a lake, are suddenly precipitated into an immense gulf, leaping and breaking over enormous rocks, raging and

boiling, and hurling into the air clouds of vapour which have earned for the Falls the name "The Thundering Smoke." From these abysses, in which one can scarcely distinguish the green foam of its waves, it rolls into the distance with a muffled roar.

You can scarcely gaze into these depths or follow the current of the river without turning giddy.

The natives believe it is haunted by some evil spirit, and no great wonder!

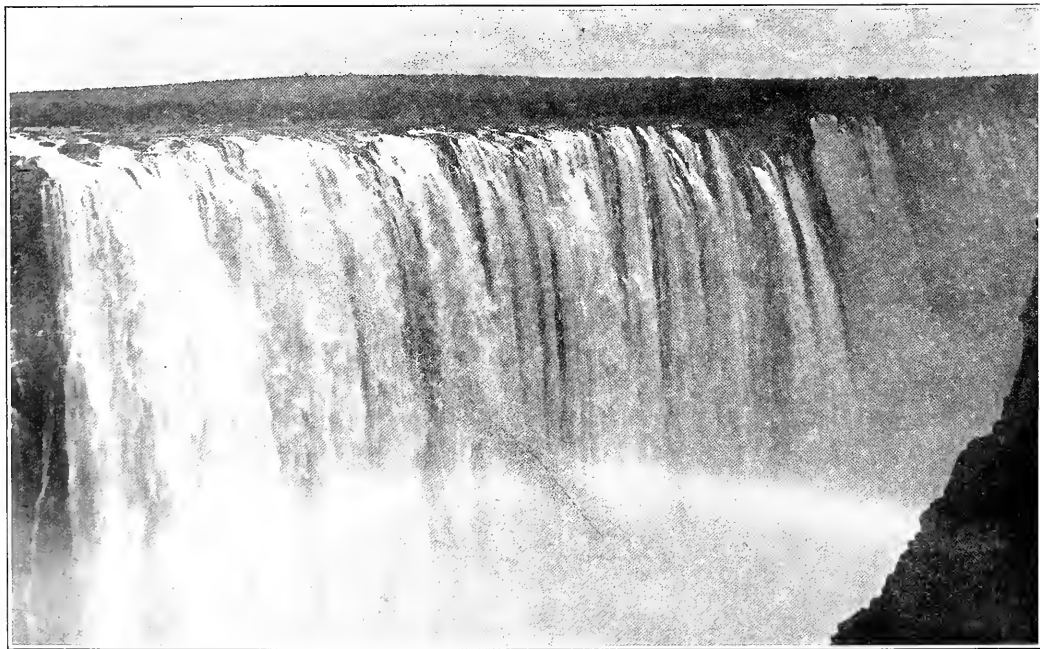
A hundred yards away from our halting place to-day, is the site of the Victoria Falls Hotel which may be built next year, and according to the published plan is to be a delightful five-story building with ample verandas from which grand views of the Falls can be obtained.

Now we wander at our own sweet will, sitting on the bank and drinking the cold water, until the inner man

whispers the magic word "Lunch!" The wish is soon realised. But unlike most picnic lunches, where you often find something short, our Zambesi lunch was perfect in abundance and quality. After lunch we take a stroll (one which I shall never forget), in a perfect garden, out of which we have another view of the dividing and sliding, falling and brawling, riving and striving, turmoiling and toiling and boiling, thundering and floundering Victoria Falls. Time forces us to leave these great wonders, and once again we stand on the river's bank for our return journey after a most enjoyable day.

Here at starting on the return passage, I have the misfortune to become quite a Jonah, spoiling the pleasure of some, but I am quickly forgiven, as thoughtless actions are soon forgotten on the banks of the Zambesi.

W. A. D.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FALLS—SHOWING RAINBOW

ON THE BANKS OF THE ZAMBESI.

Saturday, July 2nd.

In obedience to the laws of the Medes and Persians, which brook no contradiction, I meekly take up my pencil to try and describe the erratic proceedings of the Arderne Party on this Saturday afternoon, but in doing so I feel that I am at a great disadvantage, following as I do too closely in the foot-prints of the word-painters and thought exponents of the preceding pages. Hopeless as my position is, I must bow to the inevitable, otherwise the doings of this enterprising party on July 2nd will never be chronicled.

This morning it was known that, instead of sharing our pleasures as one large family, each was to follow the bent of his own sweet will. So diversified are the tastes of this hitherto united family that I will have to state facts baldly, without any embroidery or detail, for it is impossible for me to be on the track of thirty-eight people at the same time. Some have

gone boating, some searching for precious stones, some collecting curios and visiting a Mission Station, one shooting game, others quietly resting, and some revisiting the beautiful Victoria Falls, one of the Creator's most wonderful works. Words can never describe the unique grandeur and picturesqueness of the whole scene, and no photograph can convey to anyone's mind what the Falls really are like, for at times the spray rises like a vast veil, completely hiding the volume of water, then the veil is lifted and a glorious sight lies before you, white foaming water falling down a height of nearly four hundred feet, in some places curling and twisting, dancing and laughing as it falls; in others with a tremendous roar it announces to the world its irresistible force; and ever and anon, as you watch this fascinating, moving picture, rainbows of brilliant tints raise their arched

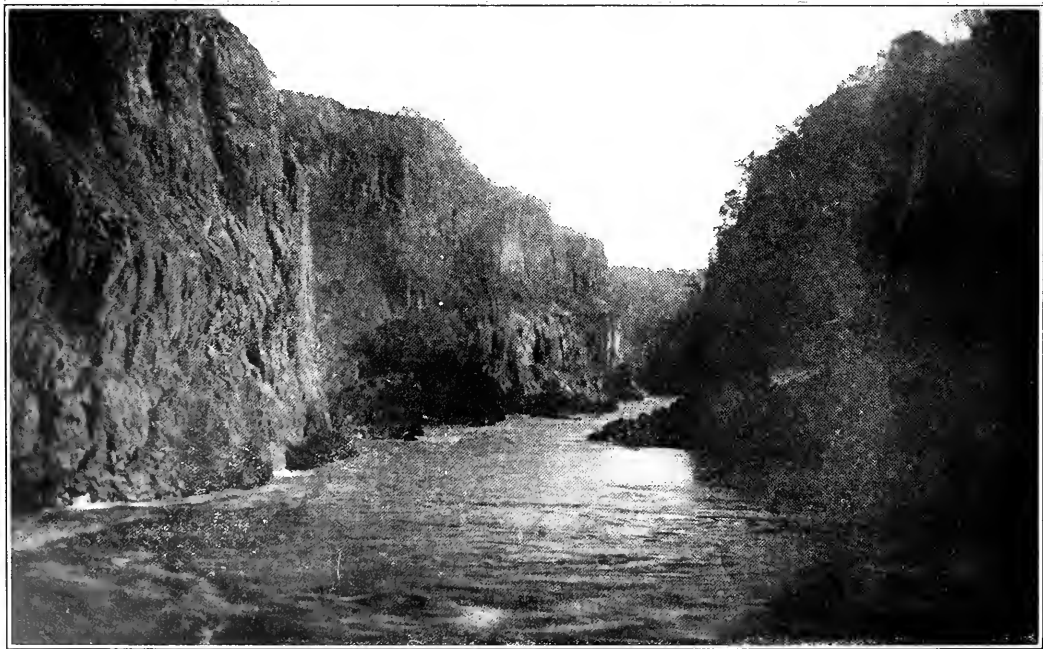
bows across the yawning chasms, and, as if charmed by their own beauty, reflect it back on to the veil of mist forming broken bows to enhance their own perfections. But I am diverging from the path of duty, not having been called upon to describe the Falls, but the doings of the Arderne party, who, after their many wanderings, assembled for dinner at the appointed time, with the exception of the "mighty hunter," who has absented himself from the bosom of his family for the space of twenty-four hours! After dinner an evening of music and recitation was enjoyed by all assembled, great talent being displayed by vocalists and reciters. The concert ended, weary pleasure-seekers wished each other good-night, and thus ended Saturday.

Sunday morning has brought with it bright, clear sunshine, and a spirit of rest, even Nature seems more hushed than usual, as if listening to the echoes of the voice of its great Creator, who made the Sabbath for a day of rest. Would that all human hearts were so in tune with the Infinite that they too might hear the echoes of that great Voice of Love, and respond to its

appeals as sinless man did when he met his God in the cool of the day. With no church bells but the distant booming of the Falls to call us to prayers, we assembled at eleven o'clock on the stoep of the Station to worship God. Our service was a bright and impressive one, the address earnest, thoughtful and poetical, leaving in each heart a longing for higher and better things.

Service ended, many of the party strolled on to the Stoep of the newly-erected hotel to admire from this vantage ground the beautiful view of the Zambesi river, winding its tortuous way through its narrow channel, walled in on both sides by grand rugged, rocky cliffs. The situation of this hotel for scenic effect is perfect, and many a traveller, I feel sure, will leave with innumerable regrets a spot so fitted to satisfy his love of the beautiful.

Three o'clock found a goodly number wending their way to the camp of the Chief Engineer (Mr. Beresford Fox) to avail themselves of his kind invitation to join him at that most sociable of meals, "Afternoon Tea." The camp is situated on a high eminence overlooking



THE GORGE—FROM BOTTOM OF PALM GROVE



HOW THE ENGINEERS CROSS THE GORGE DURING CONSTRUCTION OF BRIDGE

the Falls, and early in the afternoon from this point you can see the most wonderful rainbows displaying themselves in the cloud of mist that overshadows the Falls. Unlike the ordinary Camp of Engineers, Mr. Beresford Fox has his built of Matabele huts, which gives it a far more picturesque appearance than the camp formed of prosaic houses built of bricks and mortar, and crowned with a roof of corrugated iron, the inartistic invention of civilized man, who in his love of the useful so often ignores the love of the beautiful. This fault has not been Mr. Fox's, for very pleasing to the eye were the conical-shaped thatched roofs and rounded walls of the huts—for it took five of these to make his home.

After a very pleasant visit, we wished our kind host good-bye, and went down to view for the last time those fascinating Falls, that seem to hold one spell-bound by their extraordinary beauty, and sadly we gave them our farewell call.

We take one last, lingering, leisurely look at the splendour and mystery which had occupied so many of our waking hours in the past week, and which will

be for all of us, for all the years to come, such a memory as the poet sings of:

“A grave and steady joy,
That doth reject all show of pride, admits no outward sign,
Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine.”

Twilight brought with it the hour for evening prayer, and again the party assembled on the stoep of the station to offer their service of hymn and praise. The address, like that of the morning, was a very earnest one, appealing to all to see to it whither, on the sea of life, their barque was steering, and under what Captain's orders they were sailing.

M. A.

I am sitting gazing at the cloud-like spray, or, as the natives call it, “thundering smoking water”, of these unique and majestic Falls, and as I write, the deep-toned music of its many waters reverberates upon my ears: but how to convey to you a satisfactory description of their majestic, colossal grandeur seems altogether beyond the power of my pen, for I feel assured that no literary word-painting and no photograph can

adequately express to your mind a faint resemblance of the reality as it presented itself to our eyes.

So eager was everyone of our party to see the Falls that, no sooner had the train stopped upon our arrival than the whole party started off with scant directions, but the roar of the waters and the rising cloud-like spray sufficiently indicated their situation in the forest not far off. The long-looked for moment soon after arrived, and we were in the presence of the world's grandest waterfall, or rather that portion of it which met our immediate gaze, for it is so large that there is no Prospect Point, as at Niagara, where the whole of the Falls can be seen at once. The special spot which we first reached is marked and known as Buffalo Point. At this spot you gaze immediately upon the longest unbroken stretch of the Falls, and at this point, appropriately named as the "Boiling Pot", the accumulated volume of water of the whole of the Falls finds its exit—and here the whole of our party stood spell-bound until they were nearly drenched to the skin by the all-pervading so-called "spray" for in reality it has all the force of a

heavy rain shower. It was quite noticeable that many of our party whilst gazing at the scene before them, said nothing, feeling that any eulogistic utterances would be out of place, and that the thoughts evoked by the grandeur and the vastness of the spectacle before them was too deep for words, and that absolute silence in the presence of this mightiest effort of Nature's handiwork was the truest expression of our sense of the sublimity of the scene before and around us. A friend of mine remarked, on seeing these wonderful Falls for the first time, "I never before felt myself so completely in the presence of my Creator, as in gazing at this unique and marvellous wonder of His creation." Yes, my friend was right—and he only expressed the thought which must arise in the mind of every beholder, compelling the exclamation "Lord, what is man in the presence of Thy marvellous works!"

The Falls are situated in the centre of a well-wooded valley abounding in trees which are now clothed with rich and varied autumnal tints, through which valley the celebrated Zambesi River winds its sinuous course, and at the spot where we first saw



ALONG THE CHASM—SHOWING THREE FALLS—THE RAIN FOREST ON THE RIGHT

them the mile-wide waters thunder over serrated, rocky precipices into a deep canon, or chasm, 150 feet wide which runs in a parallel line opposite the whole length of the Falls, extending for a distance of more than a mile, and this huge mass of water, estimated by scientists at over 30,000,000 of tons falls into the chasm with such intense force that the whole mass of water appears to ascend from its rocky bed broken up in a fleecy snow-white aqueous cloud, which glistens in the sunlight like thousands of brilliants, part of which again descend in streams on the opposite banks of the Falls, covering the face of the rock with a series of miniature waterfalls: so that you have the unique spectacle—seen nowhere else in the world—of one gigantic series of waterfalls producing on its opposite bank a corresponding series of beautifully formed, sparkling cascades. We are enjoying the most perfect sunshine it is possible to imagine, and the sky is such an ethereal blue that few painters could portray on canvas, and all day long the sun's rays are falling on a kaleidoscopic, moving, ever-changing scene, made up of bold, dark, shining basaltic cliffs, sur-

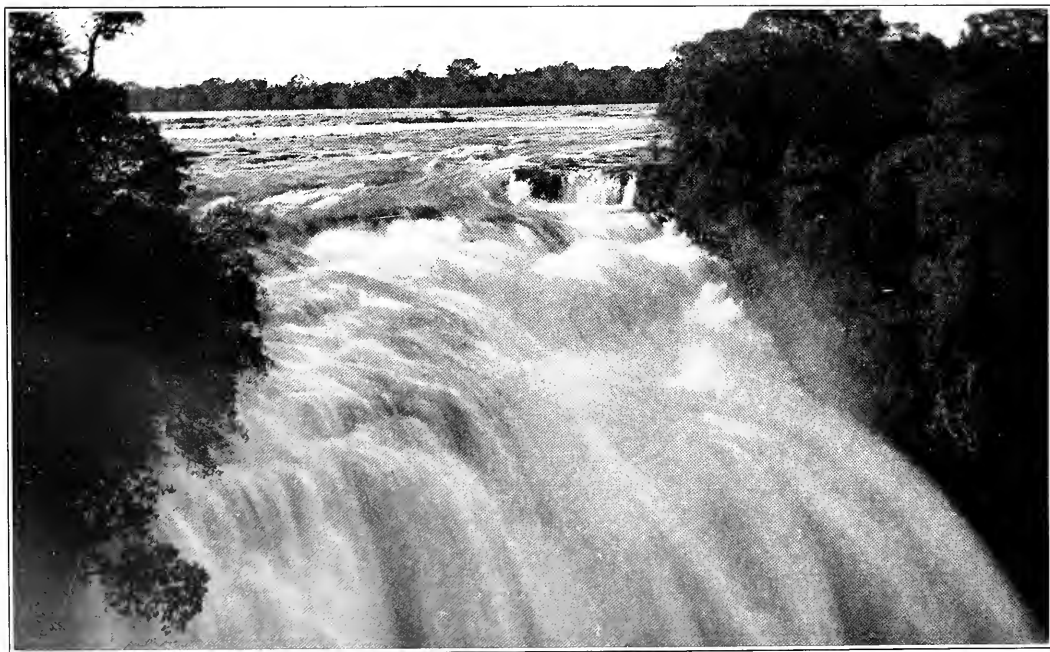
mounted by gloriously green foliage of palms, ferns, and trees, and through an ever-dissolving wind-swayed mist of cloudy vapour, creating at times double, and even treble rainbows of most brilliant hues.

Surmounting the rocky cliffs opposite the Falls is what is popularly known as the "Rain Forest," on which the cloud-like spray is ever descending, causing the glowing green of an eternal spring, ever glossy and sparkling with dripping water on the trembling leaves. Through this Rain Forest the whole of our party, clothed in every imaginable variety of rain-resisting garments, slowly wended their way, stopping ever and anon to drink in from various coigns of vantage the ever-shifting scenes of illimitable beauty which presented themselves to our wondering gaze—the snowy, fleecy whiteness of the foaming, raging cataracts, and the luminous, pearly, cloud-like spray calling forth exclamations of wonderment from every member of our party. More than a passing reference should be bestowed on the wonderfully beautiful foliage of the "Rain Forest." Bathed as it is in ever-descending spray, the palms, ferns, and dark-foliaged

trees exhibit all the beautiful freshness of our own spring, but the spring never changes to the sombre hues of autumn, and the whole undergrowth exhibits all the luxuriance of our most cherished conservatories.

I have elsewhere written of the distinct and beautiful charms of Niagara, which I have been privileged to visit on four several occasions, but the special beauty of these Falls lies not in the one sublime and awful crash which makes Niagara so celebrated, but in the glorious cumulative effects of various and ever-fresh glimpses, in the grand, sombre, shining cliffs, capped by beautifully green foliage, in the immense columns of ever-rising "thundering smoke" which rises to an altitude of 700 feet—in the variety of its ever-changing and numerous rainbows, and in the unique beauty of its whole environment. After leaving the comparatively narrow exit which we first visited, the great volume of waters is pent up between narrow banks of precipitous cliffs which rise on either side to a height of 400 feet. Its course through the narrow channel follows a series of zig-zag lines run-

ning as near as may be parallel to each other. It is said that in all the tortuous Zambesi gorge of 45 miles, below the Falls, the natives know only four entrances, so very precipitous are the terribly dark, steep cliffs which enclose the torrent. The Cape to Cairo Railway is bound to cross the bold peninsula of rock (as seen in the picture) immediately in front of the Falls, or to make a detour of several miles. The trains will cross by a wonderfully-constructed bridge, the building of which Mr. Francis Fox (with whom we have had some pleasant intercourse) is superintending—the span of the bridge arch will be 500 feet and the height 400 feet above the river, so that the bridge will be the highest in the world, and in its unique environment, the most interesting. Owing to the wall-like character of the cliffs on either side, the bridge is to be built out from either bank of the gorge until the steel work of the arch meets in the center, for there is no room for scaffolding. It is said that the distance, as the crow flies, from rock to rock, is only 750 feet, and that, short of flying, the only way was to make a detour of ten miles—thereupon the bridge-builder



THE DEVIL'S CATARACT

made up his mind to fly. A rocket first carried a string across, to this a wire rope was attached and made fast across the gorge, then in a little "bosun's chair" attached to it, the ingenious bridge-builder was hauled across by an endless rope and fastened in in case he should lose consciousness, the chair being nothing more than a piece of wood suspended by four ropes, with a canvass back and a foot-rest. One day last November he thus safely crossed the Zambesi gorge for the first time on record. Some members of our party were desirous of thus immortalising themselves, but the engineers said that it would interfere too much with their work, which admitted of no delay. We have since seen two natives cross at the same time, locked in the said chair.

The chronicler feels, in closing his task of describing these wonderful Falls, he has done his best, poor though that best may be. Much, very much, has been

left unsaid, but if the few sentences he has penned will stimulate others to visit this deeply interesting spot, he will be most amply repaid. H. M. A.

July 1st, 1904.

It should be noted that there is only one wet walk about the Falls—that of the Rain Forest—otherwise our tramps are on sandy dusty roads, or equally sandy veldt.

The bridge, which is to cost when finished about £100,000, will it is hoped be completed by May, 1905, at the latest. It will be double track or for the present a single railway track and a wagon road across. The town of Livingstone is on the opposite or eastern side of the river, though the population, either European or native, is so limited as hardly to form a town or village—perhaps 100 Europeans live here.

EN ROUTE VICTORIA FALLS TO BULAWAYO.

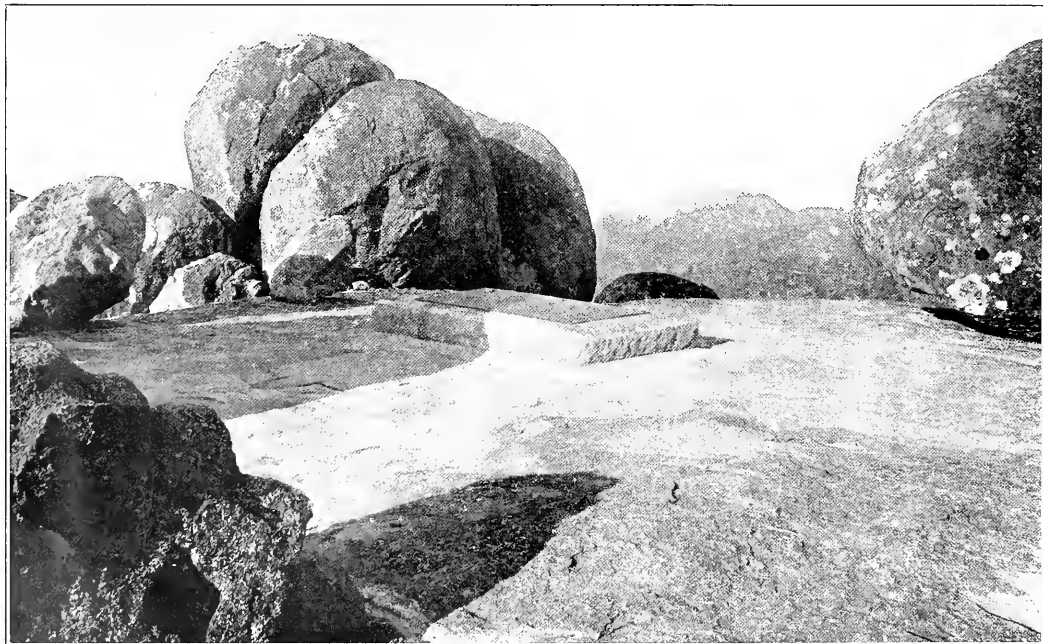
Monday, July 4th.

Our camp at Victoria Falls broke up on Monday, July 4th. The journey southward began at 7 a. m., and it was with mixed feelings we realized that our "Wonderful Week" in the wilderness was at an end. Still we had stored up many beautiful memories; and we knew that we were on the way to acquire fresh experiences, all interesting, and many likely to be memorable.

In a company which has all along owed so much to the thoughtfulness and enterprise of our friend and leader, Mr. Lyon ("Father," as he himself jocularly

declares, "of a family—for *this* trip—of thirty-seven") it was a pleasure to all to offer him our congratulations on his Country's great anniversary day. The stewards, too, interested in all the happenings of the Party, decorated the dining saloon most artistically with the intertwined flags of England and America. And the *Chef*, when dinner was served—but gastronomic recollections, so touching and intimate, must not be revealed to the unfeeling outside world!

T. W.



RHODES GRAVE

BULAWAYO AND THE MATOPOS.

Tuesday, July 5th.

After a twenty-four hours' journey from the Zambesi we reached Bulawayo about 7 a. m. this morning. The difference in the temperature from that at the Falls was very perceptible. Letters, telegrams and newspapers were handed on board the train, and after a short halt we continued to the Matopos Station. Here two large Cobb's coaches, hung on leather and drawn by ten mules each, were in waiting for us. Our party boarded the coaches and we were soon driving along a beautiful but very dusty road towards the far-famed "World's View." On either side of the winding valley along which our course lay were grouped a series of fantastic kopjes with weirdly quaint boulders piled on top of them in all sorts of curious combinations and positions. On one of these the boulder represented a massive figure seated, with a great hound by its side. No very great stretch of imagination was

required to see in this pile a resemblance to the sturdy figure of the late Mr. Rhodes.

After a drive of some five or six miles, our coaches passed through a pair of fine iron gates flanked with granite walls and, reaching out, fifteen massive boulders on either hand. These gates bore the inscription "The Rhodes Matopo Park." A little farther on we came to the outspan, and found there a great variety of vehicles, ranging from motor cars to buck wagons, each of which had brought its quota to the foot of the World's View.

The kopje from the top of which the World's View is obtained is a huge dome or turtle-back of solid granite, towering above the surrounding kopjes. The ascent is steep, but in no way difficult for those on foot. The remains of the guiding line chalked on the rock to indicate the route for the gun carriage used at

Mr. Rhodes's funeral are not yet obliterated, and serve to direct pilgrims to the summit of the kopje. Near the top, a small notice board bears the words "This is consecrated ground," and warns the new-comer that he is nearing the Valhalla of this sub-continent.

On the top is an irregular circle of great boulders some thirty feet in diameter. As we entered this circle, we saw in the middle a slab of granite on top of which was a bronze plate engraved with the simple words

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF
CECIL JOHN RHODES.

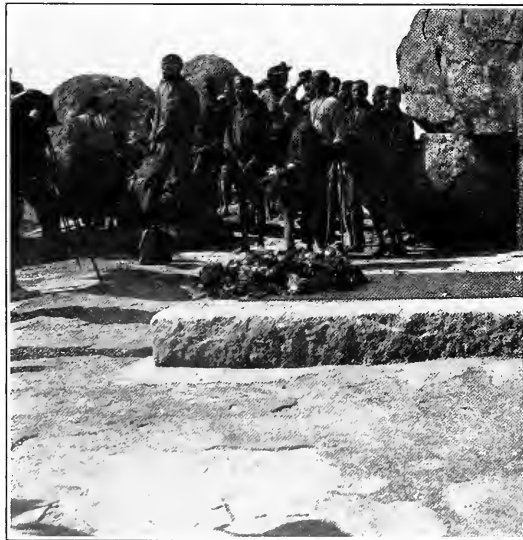
One stood, involuntarily, uncovered and silent before the tomb of this great man, a twentieth century Cyrus, whom God raised up and used for His own purposes.

At some little distance from the tomb, right on the southeast ledge of the kopje, stands the Shangani Memorial, the unveiling of which we had come to see. The memorial resembles an Egyptian Pylon, in grey granite taken from a neighbouring quarry. It is 33

feet high, each side measuring 24 feet, tapering to 20 feet just below the double cornice. Within is a vault, where the remains of the Shangani heroes have been laid to rest. At the foot of the Pylon, towards the west, is a broad granite pavement or platform with the words inscribed in large sunken brass letters "To brave men."

When we arrived in view of the monument, a striking scene presented itself. The Southern Rhodesian Volunteers, looking smart and soldier-like in khaki uniform with slouch hats and putties, were drawn up in a hollow square, within which a company of veterans in civilian dress stood. Outside the line of troops were assembled several hundred spectators. The panels on the Memorial were draped with black cloth, which pulled and tugged at its lashings in the mountain breeze.

Presently a small procession, headed by the Archbishop of Cape Town, Sir William Milton, Administrator of Rhodesia, Colonel Rhodes, and the Rector of Bulawayo, entered the square, and the four just named took their stand at the foot of the Memorial.



MATABELE—INDANA IN FRONT—AT GRAVE OF THE GREAT WHITE CHIEF



RHODES STATUE—BULAWAYO

The dedication service was begun by the singing of that grand old hymn, "O God our help in ages past!" led by the Volunteers' band. It was a memorable scene, thrilling and impressive, and perhaps unique in the history of the British race. One could not but admire the great man who has gone from us, to whose thought is due this memorial to the Shangani heroes. After prayer, the Administrator unveiled the Memorial, revealing to view the bronze reliefs with the figures, life size, some on foot, some mounted, of the thirty-four heroes who died shoulder to shoulder rather than desert their wounded comrades. The panels are each 15 feet long by 7 feet high, and it is said that the faces and figures are recognisable by those who knew the men in life.

These four bronze panels cost £5,000 each and the granite monument £35,000.

The troops presented arms amidst a flourish of trumpets, as the veils fell from the Memorial.

A second hymn, "Fight the good fight with all thy might," was next sung and the dedication service brought to a close.

Sir William Milton then addressed the audience, which must have numbered some five hundred persons. His speech was short and to the point. When he had concluded, the band played "Rule Britannia," followed by "God Save the King." Among the audience it was interesting to see Miss Moffat, daughter of the late Dr. Moffat, whose life was spent for Africa, and the Rev. Mr. Carnegie, to whom was so largely due the credit of bringing the Matabele rebellion to a close.

The World's View is very extensive, reaching to a far-distant horizon on all sides. Weird kopjes surround you and stand out, even in the far distance, with great distinctness in the amazing clearness of the wonderful atmosphere. The air, too, was like wine and the lichens were beyond word-painting, lighted up as they were in such an atmosphere by a tropical sun. On the boulders surrounding Rhodes's Tomb they were especially noticeable, ranging in shades from deep orange to canary yellow, and from sombre grey to a pale sage green.

After the ceremony we descended, reluctantly, to the mundane affair of lunch, followed by a stroll and

a drive back to our train in the evening along a very dusty road. But to each and all of us that scene and ceremony on the famous kopje in the Matopos will remain a memory of abiding interest for a life time.

D. A. H.

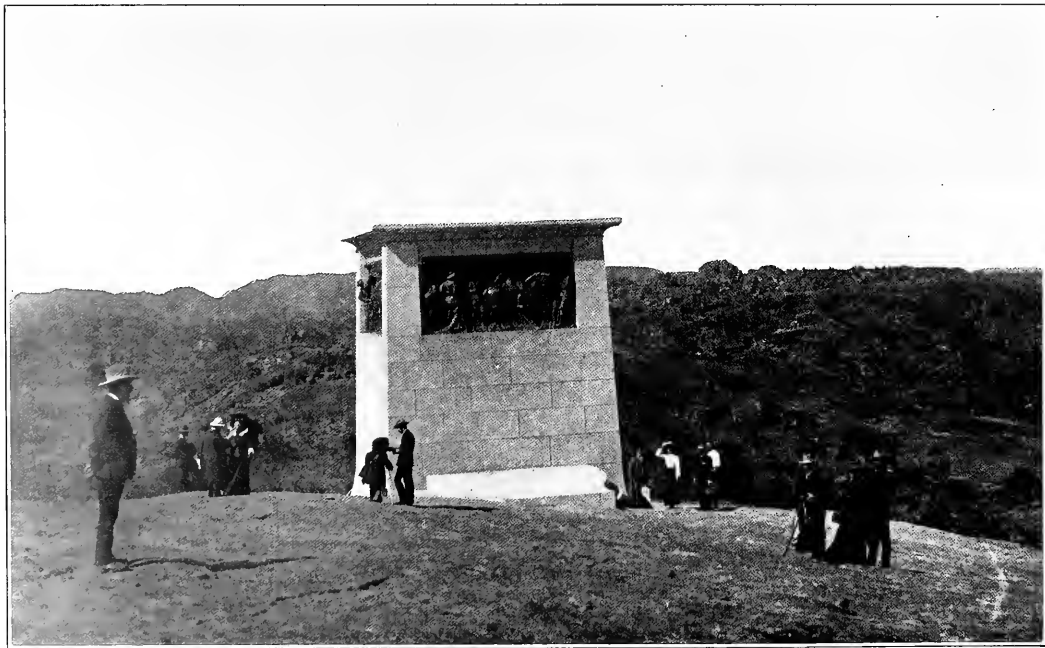
*The Times, Capetown, published the following
on July 6th:*

SHANGANI.

With fitting ceremony the monument to the gallant men who fell in the battle of the Shangani River was consecrated in the Matopos yesterday afternoon. More than ten years have passed since Alan Wilson and his heroic comrades fought their last fight, and laid down their lives for the people who should follow after, and the story of their heroism is one that no South African will willingly let die. It was the old story—somebody blundered. But if blame there was, it has already been meted out. The blunder has been forgotten in the splendour of the fight. Wilson was a fine type of the soldier by instinct. No work was too

rough for him, no hardship too great. Physically he was one of those big, brawny Scots, who on occasion will dare anything and go anywhere. He did not know what fear was, and the men who fell with him deserve no higher praise than that they were Wilson's comrades.

The battle of the Shangani was the last act in a campaign which had been conducted without serious loss to the forces of the British South Africa Company. The last of the bloodthirsty rulers of African savagery had been routed on every field, and was a fugitive on the face of the earth. The Matabele imps throughout the country were already surrendering their arms, and the war seemed practically at an end. Yet as long as Lobengula remained at liberty there were still possibilities of the trouble breaking out once more, and on November 14, 1893, Major Forbes, Major Wilson, and Commandant Raaff left Bulawayo in pursuit with three hundred men and two Maxims. They traced the fugitive to Inyati, thence to Shiloh, and thence northwest along the Shangani River. At dusk on December 3, Major Wilson, with twelve picked



SHANGANI MEMORIAL.—AT "WORLD'S VIEW"

men, left the little camp to trace the king's spoor. A few hours later Wilson sent back a messenger to say that he had found the king's wagon, and asked the column to move forward. Twenty-two men were sent to reinforce him, and early the next morning sounds of heavy firing were heard. The column moved out to support the little band, but when within a mile of the scene they were heavily attacked by a force of 1,500 Matabele, and were compelled to retire. Just as they were taking up a stronger position, three horsemen galloped up. They were Burnham, the famous scout, Lynch, and Ingram. Burnham jumped off his horse on reaching Major Forbes, and exclaimed: "I think I may say we are the sole survivors of that party." And so the first intimation of the disaster was given.

Yet for weeks no authentic details of what had taken place could be obtained. The public in South Africa and at Home still hoped against hope that their worst fears would not be confirmed. Absolute and conclusive evidence was not received until January 10, five weeks after the disaster, when Cecil Rhodes

announced the sad, yet thrilling, story in a speech delivered at Kimberley. Then the story was gradually pieced together from native sources, until the whole world rang with the news of Wilson's heroic stand on the Shangani. The narrative of that terrible struggle in the forest may be told in a very few words. When Major Wilson was attacked, and Burnham and Lynch left him with a message for Major Forbes, the men fought steadily on, firing with deadly precision. Not a shot was wasted. As the horses fell one by one, the little band of thirty-five made a barricade of their bodies, still firing steadily, and casting anxious looks over their shoulders for the help that never arrived. Four times the Matabele attacked in their hundreds, and four times they were driven back with terrible loss. Long after the fight one of the indunas described the carnage by a gesture more graphic than words; he swept his hand through the thick-growing young grass, indicating that thousands had perished in the assault. After more than three hours' fighting, the ammunition was nearly exhausted on both sides. Then the black warriors again advanced, and the last

Martini cartridge was fired. There remained still 210 shots to be fired from the "little guns," as the natives termed the revolvers. When these were done, they hurled the empty weapons at their foes, and seized their rifles by the barrels, using them as clubs. In some cases bare fists were used, and in a confused melee the last man went down, stabbed by twenty assegais. "Tonke ifale"—all dead, all gone—ends up the Kafir tale. Before the last charge some few of them sat down and wrote a last message to their friends, but the poor little strips of paper were torn to atoms, and thrown to the winds. At the last the survivors joined hands, and sang "God Save the Queen," and surely the National Anthem was never rendered under more heroic circumstances. Though their deeds are "aere perennius," yet the monument which was dedicated yesterday, and which lies amid the iron Matopos, close to the resting-place of Cecil Rhodes, will meet the wishes of thousands of South Africans, who desire that their conduct should be perpetuated in material form. "In the faith of little children they lay down and died." Rudyard Kipling no

doubt had their gallant fight close in mind when he penned his noble "Song of the Dead:"—

"Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that we lost,
For the sound of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.
Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own."

July 6th.

On the morning of the 6th July we awoke after a most restful and refreshing sleep, ready for another day's outing. The weather was perfect, one of those bright, crisp mornings that one has to realize to enjoy, and this perfection is only to be attained at a fairly high altitude. At about 9 a. m. we left our train, which had anchored at the siding at the Matopos Station for the night. Coaches were in waiting, those good, old-fashioned American leather-spring coaches (regular Cobb & Co.'s) and we mounted, mostly outside; but seeing each coach accommodates 26 passengers besides baggage, there was ample room for all. The older ones of the party quite enjoyed a coach ride, reminding them of their younger travelling

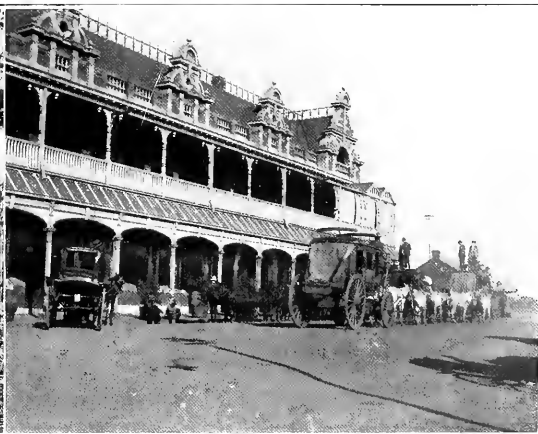


THE "ARDERNE PARTY" IN THEIR CANOES ON THE ZAMBESI

AT THE RAPIDS ABOVE ARDERNE ISLAND—THE CHIEF UNDER WHITE UMBRELLA



ZAMBESI CANOE BOYS DRILLING—CAPT. WALKER ON THE LEFT



OFF FOR HOPE FOUNTAIN—SHOWING OUR HOTEL AND COACHES

days in the Colony. The destination was the Rhodes Farm and its celebrated dam.

This farm is an oasis in what may be described as an immense cattle ranche. The secret of whatever success has been attained is water! Very little in fact could have been done without water, and Mr. Rhodes, with his characteristic foresight, had an enormous dam built to start with. The contractors were Messrs. Halse Bros. from Sterkstroom, men after Mr. Rhodes's own heart, possessed with untiring energy, practical farmers, and of large ideas. They themselves have also conserved water on their own beautiful estate, where they have planted hundreds of thousands of trees.

The dam at the Matapos is noted for its capacity and strength. It has never yet been full, but it can contain one thousand million gallons. At present one million gallons per day are being led over the farm through an 18-inch pipe; only 2 inches of the pipe is required for this quantity. Two hundred acres of land are being cultivated, and a large tract is being broken up for further extension. Mr. Hull, the gentle-

man in charge, speaks most hopefully of the farming prospects. He states that lucerne is the best paying crop under normal conditions, but that just at present the market is very limited, owing to the Cape Government restrictions against the importation of any product likely to carry any cattle disease. Close to the farm house on a little prominence is an open-sided building with curtains and easy chairs and fixed tables; from this point a view of a great portion of the farm is obtained. It used to serve as Mr. Rhodes's dining room on his visits to the Matapos; and it has now an added interest in connection with his name. For now on a tablet in this building the record stands: "Here rested the body of CECIL JOHN RHODES on the last night of its journey to the World's View." Had the permanent tomb been here, it would (some people think) have been much lovelier than the desolate rock where it now is.

After being shown most courteously over the farm by Mr. Hull, we again mounted the coaches and drove back to our home on wheels at the Matapos Station. Driving through the clear mountain air gives a most

exhilarating sensation. On returning to Bulawayo we "discharged cargo," going to the Grand Hotel, which is really a fine three-story building. It was with some difficulty that the manager was able to put up such a number of visitors, there being already many visitors in the Hotel to witness the unveiling of the Rhodes Statue. Some amusing instances of endeavouring to fix up rooms so as to properly sort up the ladies and gentlemen occurred. The party then sallied forth to visit shops and inspect the town.

The town, or city, is laid out on a large scale. The buildings are most pretentious, in fact, some of the shops and public buildings would do credit to Cape Town. But, alas! it is apparently a city built on a too eager faith, and unfortunately there is little (at present) to sustain that faith. But there is one quality Bulawayo possesses—a charming climate.

An altogether unusual crush of visitors at the Grand Hotel made dinner time at the hotel, but very little dinner for many of our party. We sighed for the comforts of our train, and to be in charge, gastro-

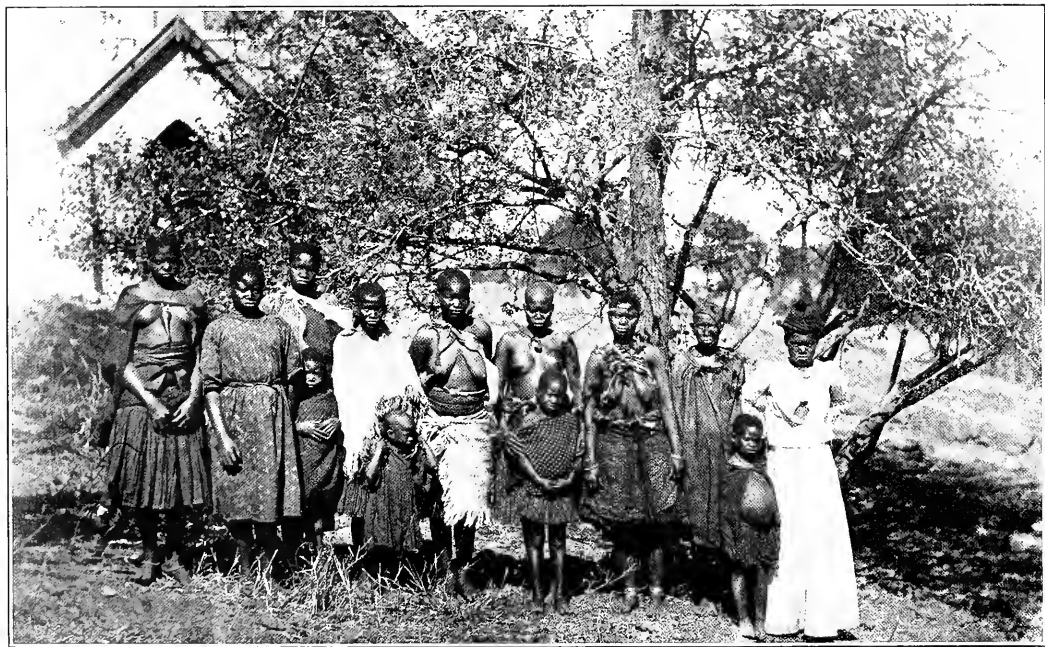
nomically, of Mr. Simmons once more! We do not know his chief, his brother—but the brother we have is quite good enough for us.

F. J. G.

By special invitation we attended the unveiling at Bulawayo of the Rhodes Statue—a bronze statue 12 feet high on a pedestal of Matopo granite 22 feet in height. This is the only existing statue for which Mr. Rhodes sat, and is indeed very lifelike, the great man standing in a characteristic attitude, dressed in a simple jacket suit—altogether a speaking likeness.

Rhodesia may well honor the memory of the man who made the country, and whose death has so far proved an irretrievable calamity to this territory.

Mr. Scott, the Mayor, delivered an address at the unveiling—told of Mr. Rhodes's birth in 1853, his coming to Africa in 1870, appointed Premier of Cape Colony in 1890, and also at the same time Managing Director of The Chartered Company, and further touched upon the striking points of his life in South Africa until his days ended on March 26, 1902.



AT HOPE FOUNTAIN MISSION

VISIT TO HOPE FOUNTAIN.

July 7th.

A lovely day—and the Arderne Party started about 8.45 a. m. on an expedition to Hope Fountain a Mission Station some ten miles northeast of Bulawayo.

Two great coaches drew up in front of the Grand Hotel and very soon the party took their places inside or on top of these. Five of the party rode on horseback and kept up well with the driving.

We were most kindly received by Mr. Helm, the well-known missionary, and his family. They provided tea and cake for the visitors, the light refreshment being very much appreciated after the long, dusty drive. Mr. and Mrs. Helm have worked amongst the natives for thirty years at Hope Fountain, and are treated with the greatest reverence and respect. The missionary's house is a very nice one, built on the site of his former home, which was destroyed during the Matabele rebellion in 1896. It is a picturesque-looking place, surrounded by trees, chiefly orange and

lemon trees, laden with fruit at this time of the year. The home seems roomy and comfortable. The Mission Estate covers 6,000 acres, obtained many years ago from Lobengula, and on this property over 100 families live.

After a short rest on the cool veranda, we were taken across to the church, a very neatly-built, red-brick building, to accommodate 500, with thatched roof. The floor is of polished ant-heap, on which the natives sit during service, there being no benches as yet. We were much interested in the fact that this edifice was entirely built by natives, as was the adjacent school house. Mr. Helm had arranged a Matabele war-dance specially for us. It was a sight to see so many of these men, women and children gathered together, in all sorts of dress and undress—surely the proceeds of a rummage sale somewhere. After the dance, a hymn was sung in the native language, even

the little children joining in. The visitors, to evidence their Christian sympathy, then sang the Doxology, after which *all* joined in singing "God Save the King." It was most impressive. Mr. Helm told us that the Matabele are very fond of going to the services in the church, and walk seven and eight miles every Sunday from the out-lying kraals.

We should have liked to have stayed longer at this interesting and delightful station, but were obliged to leave in time to get back to Bulawayo for lunch at 1.30. Twelve o'clock saw us started on our homeward journey, everyone feeling pleased with the morning's outing, having seen a little of the Mission Station and learned something on the spot of a missionary's life work.

It is wonderful what can be done among this people, and how much more life is to them when Christianity and education have begun to develope them. We have several centuries of both behind us: when they can look back on such an inheritance as we can claim, our successors in that day to come may not find that, after all, color means degradation.

B. M.

On Wednesday evening our party went in a body to witness an amateur performance of "Patience" by the Bulawayo Society, and were rewarded with good music and good acting. We were told that the success of this amateur society in frequently entertaining the public had kept all professional companies from this town.

We wondered not a little at an enthusiasm which urged the members of this company to continually give up so much time and energy to the amateur stage, but we have not the histrionic gift.

Thursday evening we accepted an invitation from the Rhodesia Scientific Association to a reception and conversazione at the museum.

This entertainment was very generously carried out. We were welcomed by Mr. Franklin White and members of the council—many items of interest in the museum were shown and explained to us individually—later, we adjourned to the lecture hall, where Mr. White delivered a most interesting lecture, with lime-light illustrations, on the ancient ruins of Rhodesia. As to their age, all he could tell us is that there is



OUR NATIVE BOATMEN

proof of their dating back at least a thousand years—quite possibly nearly three thousand years, when Solomon reigned, and gold was brought from distant parts for the great temple.

At the close of this lecture we returned to the museum rooms, where, with an excellent map, Mr. F. P. Mennell explained to us "The Geology of Rhodesia."

A good supper was served, and again we assembled in the lecture hall to enjoy a very pleasantly delivered lecture on the Victoria Falls by Mr. A. J. C. Molyneux. The magnificent pictures he threw on the

screen made our amateur photographers envious, and all of us wished we could remember the interesting geological facts that this gentlemen recited to us.

He explained why geologists knew that this great crevice which makes the Falls is of comparatively recent date—that the plateau opposite the Falls is of the same height as the river above, etc., etc.

At the close of this address, Dr. Walker in felicitous terms expressed the thanks of our party, and our appreciation of the courtesies extended by the Rhodesia Scientific Association.

L.



VISIT TO THE KHAMU RUINS.

Bulawayo, Friday, July 8th.

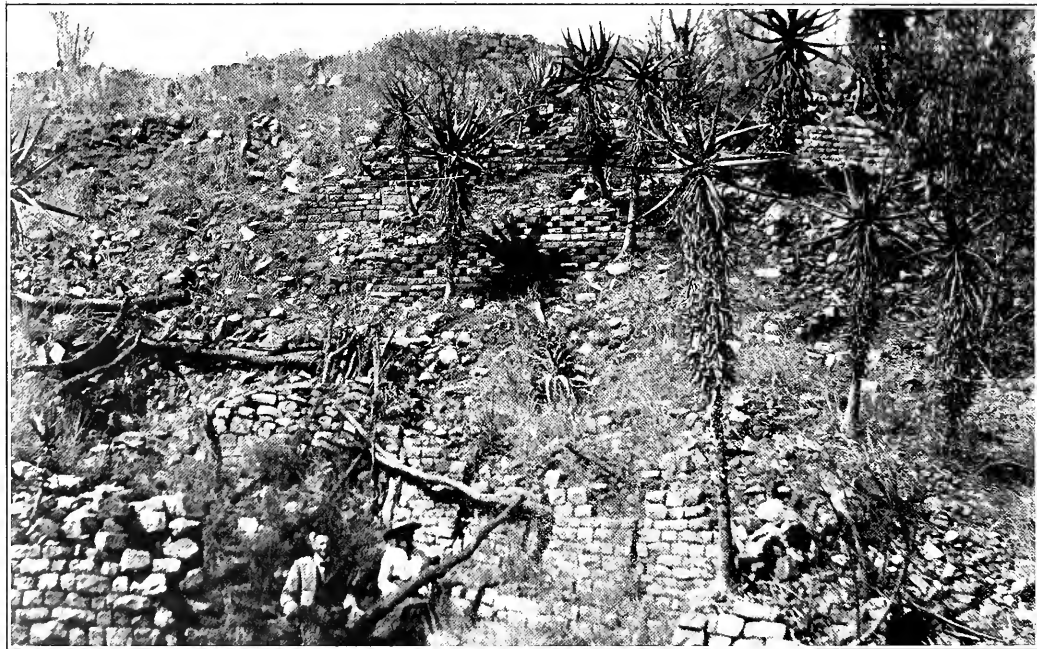
Very few members of the party were unable to respond to the roll-call after breakfast, in front of the Grand Hotel, where the mail-coaches were waiting. Two or three had already "done" the ruins independently, and one or two judged that their strength would be unequal to "fatigue" duty. At last the coach parties were arranged, and the equestrians provided with their mounts and, in more or less order, the procession started.

Expectation had been whetted by the interesting lecture, with lime-light illustrations, delivered on Thursday evening by Mr. Franklin White, President of the Rhodesia Scientific Association. In place of Mr. White, Mr. Eyles of Bulawayo kindly accompanied the excursion on Friday to give the visitors the benefit of his expert knowledge of the ruins.

The drive out to the ruins was probably remarkable for its combination—its perversely ingenious combi-

nation—of dustiness and rockiness. One might have supposed the guardian spirit of the ruins was intent on keeping all intruders off, either by choking them with dust or by breaking every bone in their bodies. The funny little kopjes all along the road, with their insecurely balanced boulders atop, added to the weirdness—the "topsy-turviness"—of things in general. It looked as if giants—"kobolds" of the mines—had been interrupted in a game of golf, and had left their "tees" and putting-greens ready to start again after lunch.

At last the place was reached, where the party gathered and put itself under the direction of Mr. Eyles. As quickly as possible, we were led to the top of the kopje which furnished the best preserved series of ruins and gave the widest view over the wild moorland country—bare rocks, valleys filled with waving yellow grass six to eight feet high, fantastic trees clinging to impossible footholds among the rocks, and



THE KHAMI RUINS—TWELVE MILES FROM BULAWAYO.

sluggish streams winding along in almost dried-up river courses—which made one think of the old stories of Wayland Smith and demon miners, and would have seemed the last place in the world to find the evidence of a past civilization and an extinct pre-historic industry.

Yet here, on the evidence of one's own eyes, are traces of a once widely extended human activity, and the interpretation of that evidence given by the experts is truly one of the "fairy tales" of science. The substance of what Mr. Franklin White and Mr. Eyles set forth may be stated thus:—

Scattered through Rhodesia are the remains, more or less well preserved, of perhaps four to five hundred townships or forts on the summits of kopjes. These are built chiefly of a hard local stone present in great abundance through large tracts of the country. The stones are laid without mortar in regularly-coursed rubble, generally in squarely-trimmed blocks, with occasionally a few courses of checker pattern, finishing off upwards with several courses set *en chevron*, or (as the ladies say) in herring-bone pattern. The

nature of the stone makes it likely that cleavage would take place by simple hammering or pounding: and in support of this theory the experts say that no iron implements have been found in any of the ruins, while everywhere primitive stone hammers are found in abundance. This fact would seem to put the building of these ruins back to the Stone Age. Further, the fact that no inscriptions are found anywhere seems to show that the builders were unacquainted with writing. These little townships or forts are found generally near surmised or ascertained goldfields, and always near natural supplies of water. The inference is that these forts were intended to serve as rallying points and refuges in case of an enemy invading the country and trying to rob the peaceful mining population. That these forts can scarcely have been intended for permanent occupation is inferred from the curiously narrow and winding staircases by which they are entered, and also from the traces of more temporary buildings within the forts, possibly intended for women and children and cattle in time of danger. (Mr. Eyles explained that the ruins at Zimbabwe dif-

ferred in several points from the Khami and other ruins—in a lower position, in a wider extent, and in a more elaborate style. This, he considered, marked out the Zimbabwe ruins as of a religious or sacerdotal character.)

As to the race that built these hill fortifications, the time when they were built and the purpose of building, there are great differences of opinion. And without Mr. Franklin White's pictures, and the actual ruins and environment which gave interest and point to Mr. Eyles's explanation *in situ*, the present writer feels he cannot hope to make his words convey a clear impression. It was interesting, after hearing what the experts had to say, to let go the guide-rope and allow oneself to float away into the cloudland of imagination, and see the caravans of Hiram and Solomon painfully toiling up from Sofala, once in three years, making a round of these Rhodesian forts, emptying these rude "deposit safes" of their gold and elephants' tusks and ostrich feathers (?) and bringing (perhaps?) relays of workers to relieve those who had done their three-year term since the last caravans

came that way. Did none of them ever die in these foreign mines? If so, where and how were they buried? Were they cremated? Were their bones piously carried home? You can imagine any answer you please to these questions, for evidence there seems to be none, unless the very absence of evidence seems to suggest an answer.

Mr. Eyles's full and interesting lecture and demonstrations being ended, the party gathered again by appointment at the coaches, where the stewards had laid out a delightful *al fresco* lunch. We stood not upon the order of our "dining," but "dined" at once. There was, however, enough for all, as even the last to straggle in cheerfully admitted. The indefatigable camera-artist insisted upon transmitting to posterity the picture of this large and peaceful and satisfied "family," and, too indolent to make any active protest, the "family" was taken accordingly.

Mr. Eyles had still a "pet" bit of wall to show—some two hundred feet long, some thirty feet high, elaborate in pattern and almost uninjured. But alas! it needed a detour and a smart walk over very rough



THE LAST PICNIC—AT KHAMI RUINS

ground to reach the perfect specimen. Some decided (like half of David's warriors) to stay by the wagons and the spoil. Those who took the rough way around had no reason to regret the effort they had made. The extent and excellence of the large specimen examined pleased everyone who could appreciate work done in a workmanlike way: but it only brought back the earlier questions, Who did it? When did they do it? and What was their aim in doing it?

At last tired in body, ruined in clothes, and provided with much matter for speculation, the "flying column" reached the coaches. The road home was as dusty and

bumpy and hot as the road out in the morning had been. It was, therefore, with very great pleasure that we at last reached the railway station at Bulawayo, and found our hotel-on-wheels ready for us, and ready to start for Kimberley. In the delight of enjoying cool, clean clothes, and the comforts of our own "hotel" we soon forgot the little inconveniences of our trip to the Khami ruins, while we also realized that we had made a permanent intellectual and imaginative gain. "Something attempted, something done, had earned a night's repose."

T. W.



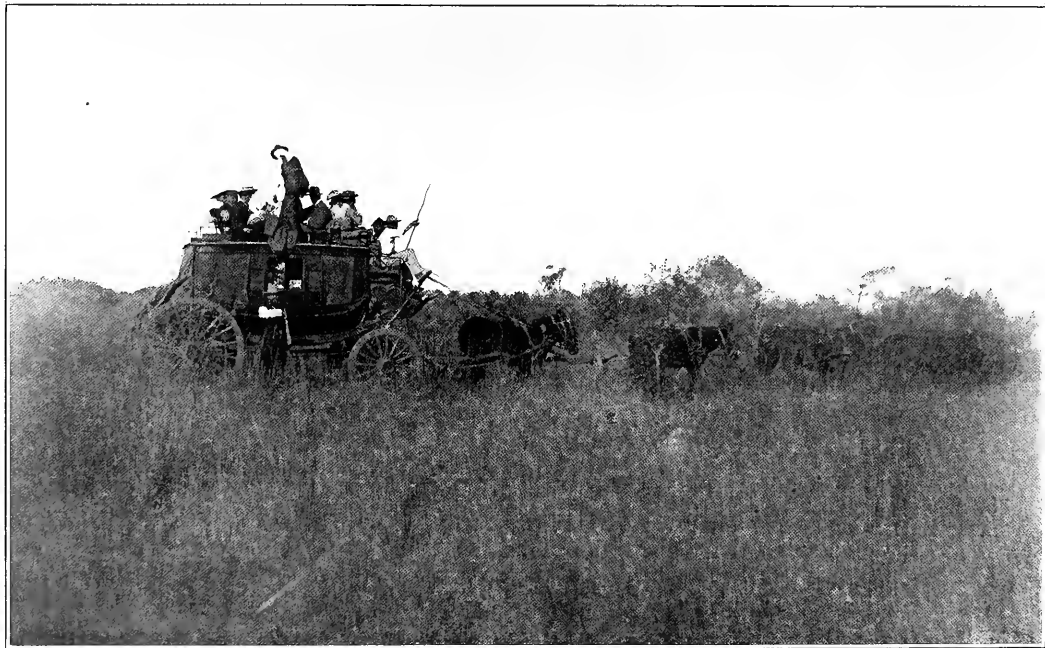
HOMEWARDS!

Friday to Tuesday, July 9th to 12th.

Everyone must have realised that our travellers had begun the homeward trip, as our train steamed out of Bulawayo on Friday evening. We had seen the great new things, and should henceforth be moving upon a previously-travelled road. But this gave us time for revising the impression of our wilderness experiences by talking them over together. And the thought that the partings would soon begin only made us wish that the last hours together should be in every way kindly and pleasant.

One pleasant little event of Saturday deserves to find a place in our chronicle. From an early day in our excursion we had all decided that, while nothing could repay Mr. Lyon for his unceasing thoughtfulness for the pleasure and comfort of all his "children," it would be right to try to give him some small token

of the feeling so generally cherished towards him. The little ceremony at which the presentation was to be made was fixed for Saturday afternoon, this being the last time the *whole* Arderne Party would be together. When we assembled in the saloon for afternoon tea—and it was a "crowded house"—Mr. Arderne read a heartily-expressed address, signed by every member of the party, and asked Mr. Lyon to accept as a memento of the trip the kaross of golden jackal fur which hung displayed from roof to floor on the wall of the saloon. Dr. Walker briefly touched on the circumstances which had made it difficult for Mr. Lyon at the last moment to accompany the party, and asked him to convey to Mrs. Lyon our very hearty thanks for her generous self-denial in urging her husband to go.



THE LAST LOAD, RETURNING FROM KHAM—SHOWING HIGH GRASS. THE TWO OTHER COACHES ARE OUT OF SIGHT

The following was inserted in the Cape Town papers upon the return of the party July 13th:

(From the Cape Argus, July 13, '04.)

BACK FROM THE FALLS.

ARDERNE PARTY'S RETURN.

The Arderne Party returned to Cape Town in their special train yesterday afternoon.

To the Editor of the Cape Argus,

Sir:—Our very interesting trip to the Victoria Falls, particulars of which have appeared from time to time, has now been successfully accomplished. In the Press notices which have appeared from time to time too much credit has been given to me for organising the same. This credit should be given to Mr. Polhemus Lyon, who has throughout taken the labouring oar and worked most assiduously to make the trip a complete success, and in recognition of this the accompanying address—which kindly publish—was presented to him. I am, etc.,

H. M. ARDERNE.

*In the train from the Victoria Falls,
July 9, 1904.*

Dear Mr. Lyon:—The days which we have spent so pleasantly together are rapidly drawing to a close, too rapidly for some of us, who would wish such happy days indefinitely prolonged; and in looking back upon this pleasant time we ask ourselves the question: To whom is attributable the conception and the successful carrying into execution of this unique and most interesting expedition? And the reply comes with marked emphasis—yourself.

With an elaboration of detail, with wonderful foresight which had embraced every possible contingency, you have arranged and planned schemes for our convenience, pleasure and enlightenment, so that we shall ever look back on this delightful trip with memories fragrant with enjoyment.

We, therefore, desire before we part and go to our several homes, to place on record our grateful recognition of the kindly and disinterested services you have rendered us, and we further ask you kindly to

accept, on behalf of Mrs. Lyon, the accompanying gift as a very small memento of our journey together.

To Mrs. Lyon also our thanks are due for the very beautiful and delicious cake she sent us, and which has been a stand-by at all our afternoon teas, when the kind donor was gratefully remembered. We are, dear Mr. Lyon, your sincere friends,

H. M. Arderne, Margaret Arderne, E. J. Earp, John D. Cartwright, Charlotte E. Cartwright, Constance A. Cartwright, D. A. Hunter, Thomas Walker, C. H. Smith, J. J. Greenslade, Edward R. Martin, Aneas MacKenzie, N. P. Thesen, W. A. Devenport, C. Chndleigh, J. G. Chiappini, Virginia L. Pride, Helen A. Sargent, F. W. Mills, Editha Mills, Blanche Mills, M. A. Mills, J. Z. Drake, A. McCorkindale, George Pallet, J. B. Greenslade, H. N. Dawe, Edith Earp, W. F. Lehman, M. Walker, J. Walker, E. Reid, E. M. Marshall Hall, C. M. Walker, Chas. Ayres, E. T. Thrupp.



NEARING HOME

At Mafeking, at dinner-time, Saturday evening, the first break in our company took place. The motor car trio from Johannesburg parted from us on the Mafeking platform, amid the hearty singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "They are jolly good fellows."

Our train reached Kimberley early on Sunday morning, and was hauled off to a side track for the day. Retaining the train as our home and hotel, the members of the party went in various directions, churchwards or friendwards, or rested and read, and, in some cases, received visits from friends. A number of the travellers made a very interesting visit to one of the compounds on Sunday afternoon. The wide area of the compound; the evident enjoyment by the "boys" of the relaxation from all work; the clean, cool hospital, with its operating room, its dispensary, and its staff of trained nurses; the convalescents basking in the sun; the business-like arrangements of the store where the "boys" procure their food and their little luxuries; the Sunday school service conducted by a preacher in Dutch, which was translated immediately into two



IN THE CANOES

different native dialects—these are some of the impressions left on the mind of the visitor on a Sunday afternoon.

On Monday forenoon, through the courtesy of the De Beers Company, the members of the party made (or renewed) acquaintance with the wonders of the diamond mines. We drove to the mines in carriages; and within the enclosure a miner's train (an engine and two back-to-back cars) was put at our disposal. We were taken to the "floors," where the blue ground is laid out to "weather" and crumble: We were allowed to pass along the gangways which overlook the baths or tanks, where the almost intelligent "pul-sator" machines go on so steadily cradling the pulp, and catching the rough diamonds on the graduated gelatine trays. We were in the office in the mines where skilled operators were quickly sorting out the various qualities of stones in the day's find. We were driven lastly to the head office, and saw a glittering mass of points of light poured out on the long tables in the sorting room—some sixty thousand pounds' worth, someone said nonchalantly!

We drove back to the station just in time to bid good-bye to more friends who were leaving the train here to travel towards Aliwal North, Queen's Town and Port Elizabeth. We started southwards again at noon.

At De Aar, one of our party turned off, to take the train towards Johannesburg.

On Tuesday forenoon we found ourselves travelling down the Hex River Valley, with snow on the mountain peaks all around. The mantle of snow on the Matroosberg, as we approached Worcester, was royal indeed!

And so, through bright, sharp, winter sunshine, the hours of our last day sped on, and the successive halting places came, where one after another of the party dropped off: Wellington, Durban Road, Salt River—and lastly (for there were a few busy men who wanted to catch their English mails before going home to the suburbs), Cape Town. And then, locomotive and cars were taken to their respective sheds; the *batterie de cuisine* and the dining-room equipment were put in store; the blinds and doors were made fast; and the

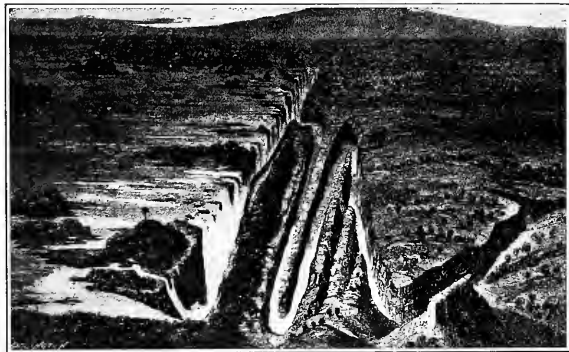
staff went home. Good luck to staff and cars! We hope they may make many successful trips hereafter to the far and fair North. But they will never be able to carry again the legend on their car-panels: "FIRST

THROUGH TRAIN: CAPE TOWN TO VICTORIA FALLS." That we were with them when they made that trip will always be one of our most pleasant recollections.

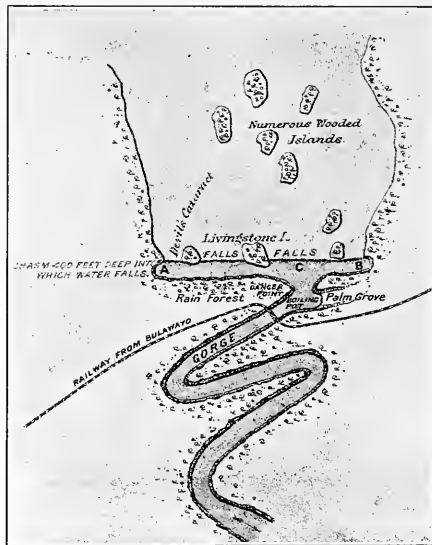
T. W.

TABLE OF DISTANCES AND ALTITUDES.

Cape Town to De Aar,	500 miles.	De Aar,	4180 feet
Kimberly,	647 "	Kimberly,	4012 "
Mafeking,	870 "	Mafeking,	4194 "
Bulawayo,	1362 "	Buluwayo,	4469 "
Victoria Falls,	1644 "	Victoria Falls,	2300 "
Cape Town to Tanganyika, about 2350 miles.			
Khartoum,	"	4000	"
Cairo,	"	5000	"



VICTORIA FALLS—BIRDS-EYE VIEW
FROM BAIN'S EXPLORATIONS IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA, BY PERMISSION OF
MESS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.



SKETCH PLAN OF VICTORIA FALLS
NOTE—A TO C ABOUT 1200 YARDS— C TO B ABOUT 600 YARDS

APPENDIX.

There was provided for the party a scrap-book which the "leader" had been compiling since the memorable trip of 1897: here were collected clippings from different periodicals all over the world, bearing on Rhodesia, the Cape to Cairo Railway, and the Victoria Falls.

In the "Cape Times" of Feb. 10th, 1899, Mr. Rhodes's visit to London during January is reviewed in connection with the Cape to Cairo Railway, where a pessimist gives the following time table: Charing Cross to Cairo, six days; Cairo to Khartoum, six days; Khartoum to Bulawayo, twelve days; Bulawayo to Cape Town, four days—twenty-eight in all.

From the portions already in operation it is evident that this writer gives at least four days more than would be necessary against a time test—but no one believes that this route would ever prove profitable as a through route between London and the Cape.

But it is thought by many that such a great trunk line, especially if worked in connection with the great lakes—Tanganyika with 400 miles of deep water—would gradually build up a local business in connection more particularly with East Coast feeders, but also tapping Western routes, and so stimulate the growth of this Central African Plateau—very much of it is at an altitude exceeding 2,000 feet and suitable for European colonists.

A week later, the "Cape Times" details progress of the Trans-continental telegraph, which from Cape Town to Alexandria is mapped to cover 6,600 miles.

The "New York Times" tells us that on April 14, 1902, King Leopold of Belgium signed a concession by which an Anglo-Belgian Company secured the right to build the Cape to Cairo Railway through the Belgian Congo, thus diverting the line north of the Zambesi from German East Africa, one of the stipulations

in the agreement being that 40 per cent. of the plant must be of British manufacture.

The "Cape Times" of May 16, 1902, has a leader on the "New Route," saying that the understanding now is that the railway from Victoria Falls will run due north to the border of the Congo Free State, thence for 350 miles to the most southern navigable point on the Lualaba, where we are told there is open river water to Stanleyville on the upper Congo. From Stanleyville a railway is projected eastward to Mahagi on Lake Albert, and so to Uganda and the North.

This route is too Belgian and too little British to suit the Arderne Party. We enter our protest—we desire to go from the Falls to Broken Hill, which is the great copperfield, and thence to Tanganyika.

"South African Exports" under date of August 25, 1903, has a paper by a prominent engineer on the Wankie Coal Fields, which are two-thirds of the way from Bulawayo to the Falls. The Wankie Colliery Company have 400 square miles: the coal seam itself is from 10 to 37 feet thick. It is a semi-bituminous coal, and approaches very closely to the South Wales

product, containing in the neighborhood of 80 per cent. carbon. The mine is shallow, and very economically worked. The railway and the goldfields of Rhodesia have a great bonanza in this good coal near at hand—it is thought this colliery may some day produce 1,000 tons of coal a day, if the demand rises to it.

"The Cape Times," Sept. 29, 1903, gives annual report of the African Commissions Syndicate, Ltd., which controls the Power Utilization Scheme of the Victoria Falls. The chairman tells how rich the country tributary to the Falls is in gold, copper, iron and coal. He recites some detail as to long distance transmission of power, mentioning the Oakland, California, tramways, which are propelled by power from the Yukon Falls, 222 miles away, and engineers estimated that power could be used advantageously at a distance of 350 miles.

Mr. R. T. Coryudon, Administrator of N. W. Rhodesia, writes to the "London Times" in November, 1903, saying:

"The Zambesi for three miles above the Falls is considerably over a mile wide, and at the actual lip



ON THE BANKS OF THE ZAMBESI

of the Falls, measures one mile and five chains in almost a straight line. All its placid surface is dotted with innumerable heavily-wooded islands, and cut by rocky bars and shelves into many small turbulent rapids and shallows.

Suddenly, with no warning, this mile-wide stretch of unsuspecting water slips over into a long, narrow chasm which was at right angles across its course, then sends up from its depths forever a vast cloud of swirling, gleaming spray into the clear sky, and with it a mighty deep-toned thunder.

This wonderful chasm is of black basalt, and though a mile in length its general width is not more than 450 feet.

The water along the whole mile-wide face has an uninterrupted fall of 343 feet.

About 500 yards from the Barotseland bank is the

outlet, a narrow neck not 100 feet wide, in the black perpendicular wall of the chasm. This opens out into a circular basin, approximately 500 feet across, and also walled in by bare, upright cliffs—this I named seven years ago "The Boiling Pot."

From this short breathing space, the water thunders off again down a short rapid, and roars against the wall of the main gorge of the river, which at this point, about 500 yards below the actual fall, begins its turbulent race of nearly 50 miles through a perfect chaos of wonderful gorges.

The bridge is flung across the river at the beginning of the gorge, say 500 yards below the Falls. The bridge is of the lightest and most appropriate description, and will, when completed, give no reason for a charge of vandalism against the Chartered Company."

LINES OF THE FALLS.

Where in a region far away from the dwellings of men the great Zambesi takes a mighty plunge into a wild and wonderful abyss, sounding with ceaseless pulse and deep-toned voice for all eternity, one long grand nature's requiem. Marvellous and wondrous composition, where gorgeous colourings, giant strength, quivering weakness, sunshine and gloom,

peace and turmoil unite together in perfect sympathy. Tranquil waters and emerald isles, rippling rills with roaring cataracts, heaving to the clear blue sky their misty columns dazzling white, deep dark gorges of bronzed basaltic rocks, stately palms and forests of perpetual rain, ferns and mosses and brilliant aloes all join and intermingle in one great, glorious harmony.

C. H. S.



THE BOILING POT—AS SEEN FROM DANGER POINT



